AN EIGHT-PAGE VIEW OF THE HEART OF CHICAGO. WITH THIS NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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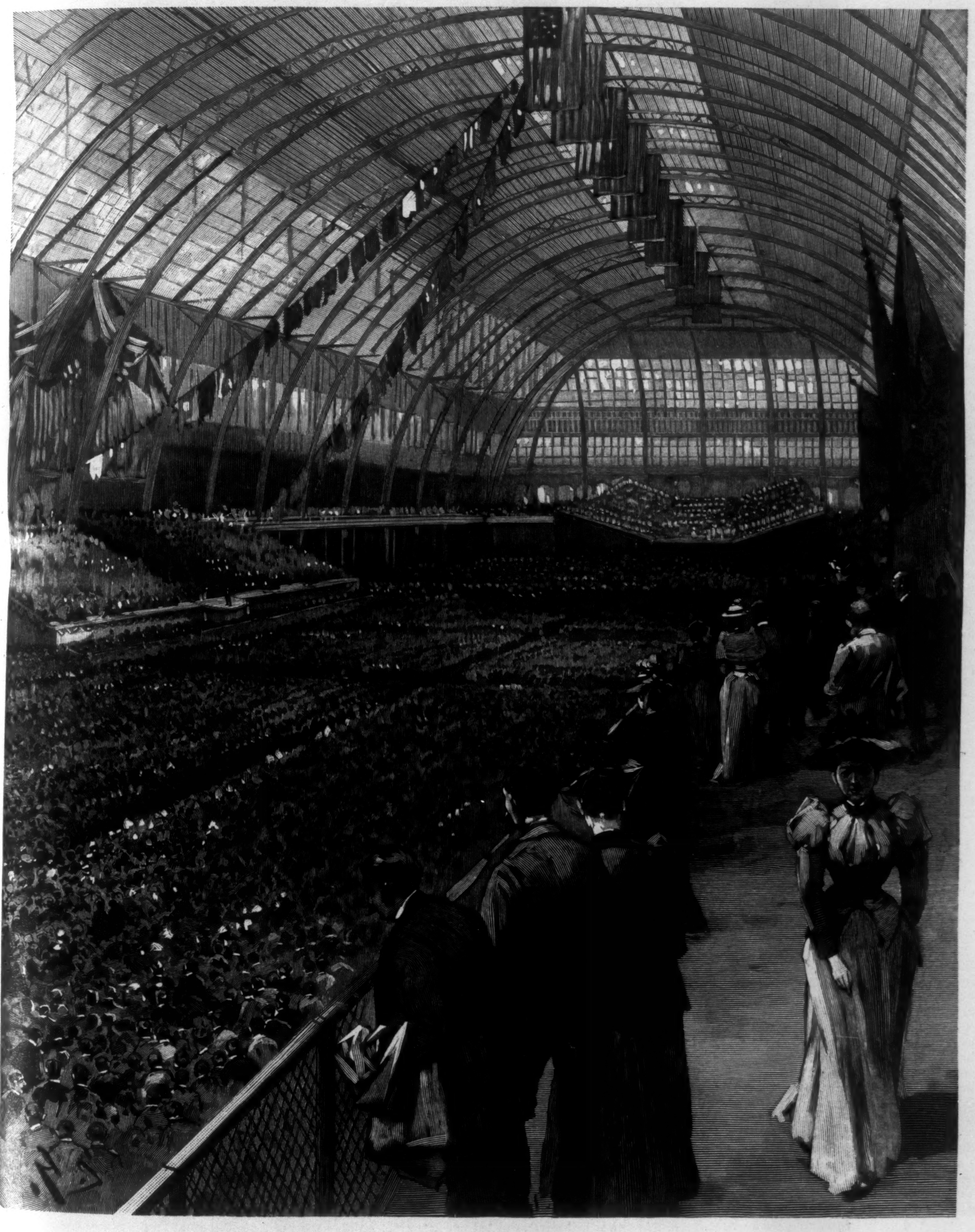

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE DEDICATION CEREMONIES IN THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.
DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

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CIVIL SERVICE REFORM AS AN ISSUE.

NOBODY expects the Presidential election to turn altogether on the question of civil service reform. But there are more citizens than may be generally supposed with whom that question has great weight in determining their preference between the candidates for the Presidency. A striking illustration is furnished by the civil service reformers of Indiana, headed by such men as Mr. Foulke and Mr. Swift, who in 1888 voted for Mr. Harrison on the ground that they expected from him a more faithful and efficient furtherance of the reform than from Mr. Cleveland, and who now with conscientious frankness confess their mistake, and announce themselves as supporters of Mr. Cleveland on the sole ground that Mr. Harrison has proved utterly faithless to his pledges, and that the cause of civil service reform will be best served by his defeat. The men who have taken this position are no mere isolated individuals, but representatives of a class by no means insignificant in strength nor weak in influence. The votes they command may be sufficient to turn the scale in a closely contested State like Indiana, and even in the State of New York and in New England they may play an important part.

The Republican press, which at the beginning of the campaign affected to treat the arraignment of Mr. Harrison's delinquencies with something like haughty disdain, seems to have become aware of this danger, and, as is usual with defenders of a weak cause, reply to the charges against Mr. Harrison with vociferous countercharges against the civil service reform record of Mr. Cleveland. This is, in a certain sense, not to be regretted. The more vigorously administrations, whether Democratic or Republican, are denounced for every act adverse to the letter or spirit of the civil service law, or for every evasion of it, or every failure to redeem their pledges to extend the reformed system, the more deeply will the public mind become impressed with the fact that every such act or evasion or failure is a wrong to be resented by the friends of good government. But this will not prevent those who have the cause of civil service reform sincerely at heart from inquiring and from determining for their own guidance with judicial fairness which side has earned the most credit in the past, and which presents the best promises for the future.

This journal has never hesitated to criticise the shortcomings of Mr. Cleveland's administration with due severity. We admitted at the time that some of our hopes were disappointed, and of what was then said we have nothing to take back. But we could not, in fairness, leave out of consideration the fact that Mr. Cleveland, when President, had to contend with most extraordinary difficulties; and men are to be judged not only by the positive quantity of good they have done, but also by the obstacles they had to overcome in doing it. The Democrats had been out of power for nearly a quarter of a century. All the offices of the government, high and low, with hardly any exceptions, had been so long filled with Republicans. The Democratic demand that this condition of things should be put an end to was not an unnatural one, and could be urged with great plausibility. Mr. Cleveland sometimes yielded to it too much, but, in view of all the circumstances, he deserves great credit for not having yielded to it still more. He made mistakes in appointments and removals, some of them very serious; but considering that he entered upon the discharge of his duties without any knowledge of men and things in the field of national politics, so that he frequently could not distinguish good advice from bad, the wonder is that he made so few. His party did not profess to be a reform party. The words "civil service reform" had then still a strange sound to an overwhelming majority of the Democrats, the active politicians as well as the masses. What Mr. Cleveland did he had to do against the largely prevailing sentiment of his party, and against the protests and even the threats of not a few of the most influential Democratic leaders in Congress and in the several States. And he did much He not only did some things of conspicuous bravery, such as the reappointment of the Republican postmaster of the city of New York simply on the ground of his merit as a public servant, but he carried the cause of civil service reform unscathed through that crisis in which it was in greatest danger of being wrecked—the crisis of the first change of party in power. He brought it out of that ordeal, and he left it at the close of his administration stronger than it had been before. Thus he rendered that cause a service the importance of which cannot be overestimated. And having done so much under circumstances the most adverse, he can well be trusted to do much more with principles confirmed by experience, or knowledge of men and things vastly enlarged, and a party sentiment behind him much improved.

Mr. Harrison was laboring under no such difficulties. His party professed to be the civil service reform party. In its national platform of 1888 it had incorporated not a mere vague approval of the reform, but pledges of a specific kind, and by emphatic declarations Mr. Harrison made those pledges distinctly his own. He and his party solemnly promised to extend the reformed system "to *all* grades of the service to which it is applicable"; to "observe the spirit and purpose of the reform in *all* executive appointments"; to "repeal *all* laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation." Not one of these pledges has been fulfilled, not even approximatively. Instead of extending the reformed system to *all* grades of the service to which it is applicable, President Harrison has extended it to hardly more than 1000 places, while nearly 100,000 remain unclassified. The establishment of a registration of laborers and the appointment and promotion for merit in the navy-yards is Secretary Tracy's work; and as to the placing of the railway mail service under the civil service rules, it was directed by President Cleveland, and then executed by President Harrison in a characteristic manner. The order was to go into force on the 1st of May, 1889, but the first two months of Mr. Harrison's administration were taken advantage of to remove so many persons from the railway mail service, and to make so many new appointments without examination, that this branch of the service was thoroughly stocked with favorites, and the civil service rules remained practically almost a nullity for some time afterwards. Thus the manner of executing the extension revealed the purpose to evade it as much as possible.

Mr. Harrison has received much credit for appointing an excellent civil service commission. But no President could have treated the recommendations of those excellent commissioners with more contemptuous neglect. They recommended the extension of the civil service rules over the Census Office; they recommended it as to a larger number of post-offices and custom-houses—all in vain. They inquired into the levying of political assessments and the participation of government employés in local politics, and recommended remedial measures—all in vain. The more excellent the commissioners proved themselves, the more they were snubbed by the administration, and it is fair to conclude that if President Harrison has been sorry for any one of his official acts, it is the appointment of these same excellent commissioners. He would long ago have removed them if he had dared. As to the pledges to observe the spirit of the reformed system in all executive appointments, and to repeal all laws at variance with existing reform legislation, the faithlessness of President Harrison is too notorious to require further discussion. There has never been a more glaring abandonment of specific promises.

As between Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison a true friend of civil service reform will, therefore, hardly hesitate in making his choice. Nor can the Republican party still pretend that the cause of civil service reform is safer in its hands than in those of the Democrats. The spirit of reform has departed from its counsels. It is ruled only by considerations of party advantage. It turns its back upon ballot reform as soon as the reformed ballot seems to tell in favor of its opponents. It turns its back upon civil service reform whenever it thinks it can use the spoils as an efficient weapon in party warfare. But what the Republicans lose, the Democrats appear to gain. They are to-day the champions of ballot reform, and the reform of the civil service is steadily gaining friends among the old members of the party, while the truest civil service reformers all over the country swell its ranks in support of its candidate, whose power for the good cause, if he is elected President, will be vastly increased by this new accession of strength.

CURRENCY ISSUES.

There is a tendency on the part of politicians in search of an issue to endeavor to find one in the currency of the country and its condition. As a matter of fact, there is no currency issue in the present campaign, because neither party has a well-defined policy. The currency question must come up for settlement in the near future, but at present neither party can be said to give a coherent support to any plan for meeting the currency emergency, nor to entertain any but the vaguest notions concerning the needs of the country.

The Democratic platform, it is true, demands the repeal of what is known as the Sherman act, under which the monthly purchases of bullion are made, but there is nothing in this that is indicative of united and intelligent action. Some of the opposition to the act is based on sound reasons, and some is inspired by the belief that the limit placed upon monthly purchases of silver is an obstruction to the movement for free coinage. The Democratic leaders who fear the Sherman act because its tendency is to place the country on a silver basis are not alone in their desire for its repeal. Most of the Republican politicians, it is true, feel bound to stand by the obnoxious statute, either because the Democrats demand its repeal, or because party loyalty is involved; but business men generally agree that the act ought to go.

It is all very well to insist that the Sherman act menaces the business interests of the country, and it is true that it ought not to remain on the statute-book; but what is to come after it? Senator Sherman himself, in his speech on silver at the last session of Congress, said that he would vote for its repeal more willingly than he had voted for its enactment, which was tantamount to saying that the exigencies of the moment compelled him to accept a measure of which he did not wholly approve.

There is much eulogy on the stump of the currency provided by the national banks, the orators appearing to forget that it is a rapidly disappearing currency, and that the circulation of the banks has within a few years been reduced nearly $200,000,000 by reason of the redemption of the bonds on which it rests. Senator Sherman prophesied in the speech already mentioned that the national bank currency will cease to exist; but this is not at all necessary, for it can be preserved if Congress will pass a law providing for it some other security than the public debt. At all events the country would hardly agree with the Senator's more recent proposition, that for the bank notes there should be substituted government notes based on the "honor, wealth, and resources of 65,000,000 people." The country has happily gone through the unlimited greenback disease, and, it is to be hoped, is happily and permanently cured.

The waning circulation of the national bank notes, and the demonstrated failure of the Sherman act, are making the currency problem of importance, but it cannot be settled at the coming election, for the voters have no question presented for their determination. A bill for the repeal of the ten per cent. tax on State bank circulation was introduced into the last Congress, and it has been endorsed by the Democratic platform. This endorsement, however, means as little, considered as the declaration of a party principle, as the demand for the repeal of the Sherman act. On the stump this has been denounced as a declaration in favor of a return to "wild-cat" currency, but this outcry is absurd; first, because modern conditions make "wild-cat" currency impossible; and second, because Congressman Harter, of Ohio, the author of the measure, is one of the soundest of the sound-money men in public life. Mr. Harter's plan is to provide for State bank notes, and to continue the national bank notes by permitting the banks to deposit first-rate securities for circulation in the place of the retiring national bonds. His plan was explained by him at the recent convention of the American Bankers' Association, at San Francisco. It is the purpose of the scheme to make it impossible that State bank notes of inferior value to the national bank notes should circulate. Whether his plan would be effective or not, "wild-cat" currency is most remote from Mr. Harter's thoughts, nor is it in the mind of any one except the stump-speakers and editors who are trying to find in it a campaign "scare."

The currency issues that are looming up will be interesting when they cease to be vague and mark definite lines between parties or factions, but just at present a voter who desired to express his financial opinions by choosing between Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison would find his task more than difficult.

THE QUESTION OF ANNEXATION.

To many Canadians the question of the annexation of the Dominion to the United States is one of great importance; to very few people of this country is it a matter of any importance whatever. The fact that this subject is under consideration at all has been recently brought to the attention of some of the citizens of Boston by the visit of a gentleman who holds a commission in the Canadian militia, and who came to this country for the purpose of consultation with the annexation party that he expected to find in the United States.

This gentleman will discover that here there does not exist what does exist on the other side of the border. In the Dominion there is an annexation party. In the United States there is hardly any one who regards the question as of sufficient importance to be counted among the subjects of contemporaneous interest. It is more natural that a country of 6,000,000 of people should be concerned about sharing the benefits of a country of 65,000,000 than that the larger community should be disturbed about adding the burdens of the 6,000,000 to their own.

In Canada there are several parties, or factions, that are anxiously discussing the good to be gained by a union of the Dominion with the United States. There are the extreme Liberals, who are thorough believers in the republican form of government, and who wish to escape from even the slender cord that connects them with the imperial government of Great Britain. Many of the people of the maritime provinces are desirous of union because nearly all their trade is with the New England States, and it is limited and hampered by the tariff war which is maintained on both sides. The few French Protestants in the province of Quebec are uncomfortable because, under the agreement by which Upper and Lower Canada were united, it is the duty of the British government to maintain the power of the Roman Catholic Church in the old parishes of what used to be Lower Canada, or New France. On the other hand, many of the leaders of the French Catholics, especially those whose connection with the Church is merely the formal one due to their birth and ancestry, believe that their ancient province of Quebec would have more autonomy if they could become a State of the Union, because in its present condition its local affairs are, generally speaking, under the control of the Dominion, while as a State the people would have supervision over their own matters, and might have what religion, customs, language, they might prefer, without fear of interference.

If this question of annexation should ever become of importance on this side of the border, we should have to determine several momentous matters. In the first place, do we want any more territory if we have to take it coupled with a debt of $290,000,000? In the second place, shall we accept as a State of the Union a province dominated by any church, by a foreign tongue, and by foreign customs and laws—customs and laws that are not merely foreign, but that, with slight modifications, have descended from the seventeenth century?

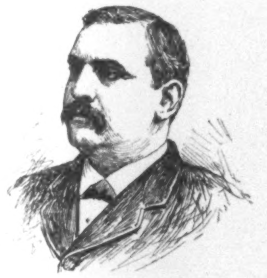
Reciprocity is one thing, but annexation is quite another. When the United States come to consider the main question, they will have, among other things, the debt and the alien people and institutions to reflect upon. In the mean time no thought is wasted on the matter, and the visit of the Canadian officer has notified many of our people, for the first time, that any one is seriously considering it.

A THEOLOGICAL QUARTER-CENTENNIAL.

Mr. Bryce, in his ***American Commonwealth***, calls attention to the rapid progress made in recent years by American higher schools. The completely equipped university is taking definite shape, and will be, in the near future, wholly devoted to post-graduate study. Meanwhile the special schools flourish, and if a judgment can be formed from the profuseness of the gifts showered upon them, they are gaining, rather than losing, in the number of their benefactors. Union Theological Seminary, the General Episcopal Seminary in New York, and Princeton Theological School have been bountifully remembered, and have greatly added to their resources for ministerial training. The latest comer into this group, Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, New Jersey, celebrates, on the 26th of this month, its twenty-fifth anniversary. The fruit of the Methodist Centenary of 1866, it has grown in the quarter-century to a high rank among schools of its class. Its first President, Dr. **John McClintock**, won fame as a scholar and patriot, and has been succeeded by others who have built upon the broad foundations laid by him. Much has been done by the members of the faculty for theological literature, but a specifica tion of the books produced by them would hardly be in place here.

Schools devoted to the training of clergymen have a bearing upon the national welfare. The clergyman is not only a citizen, but a trainer of citizens. Moral and social questions pertain to his sphere, and although he may not treat these abstractly, yet in the concrete form in which they appear he has much to do with their solution. Even where he cannot solve, his counsels may teach patience, and an earnest striving for a peaceful adjustment. Most of all, it falls to him to keep the many members of the social organism in sympathy with one another. Were clerical demagogism prevalent in the United States, its power to harm society would be beyond calculation. But the country still looks to clergymen to promote kindly tempers, a scrupulous regard for the rights of all, even the weakest, and does not look in vain. Judging from its prosperous past, Drew Seminary may confidently look forward to many quarter-centuries of useful life.

THE MAYORALTY CANVASS.

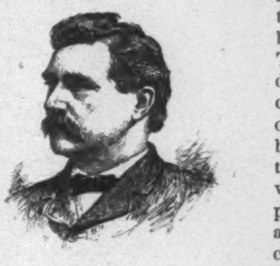

EDWIN EINSTEIN.

The only serious opponent to Mr. **Gilroy**, the Tammany candidate for Mayor, is **Edwin Einstein**, the Republican candidate. The candidacy of ex-Congressman **John Quinn** does not signify anything except the old factional fight against Tammany.

When the Chicago Convention adjourned, some of the leading anti-snappers, especially the younger men, returned home with the determination to nominate a city ticket in opposition to the organization which had done its best to prevent Mr. **Cleveland's** nomination. But the immediate friends of the candidate, persuaded that Tammany would loyally support the national ticket, prevented the consummation of this plan. Mr. **Croker** promised that Mr. **Cleveland's** majority should be larger than that ever before cast in this city for any candidate, and the promise was accepted.

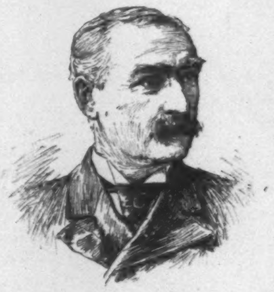
That it was accepted reluctantly by many of the originators and leaders of the Syracuse Convention movement cannot be doubted by any one who comprehends the antipathy entertained towards Tammany Hall by the earnest and sincere men who took their political fortunes in their hands to make war on the regular organization of their party in New York city.

The management of the campaign in this city, however, on the advice of Mr. **Cleveland's** most trusted friends, prominent among whom was Mr. **William C. Whitney**, had been put entirely under the control of the "machine" that had organized and carried through the 22d of February convention. Such men as Mr. **Fairchild** and Mr. **Anderson** acquiesced, and advised against the nomination of a third ticket. Mr. **Grace** himself opposed the suggestion, but the County Democracy allies of the "anti snappers," intensely practical politicians, insisted on putting a local ticket into the field, in order that they might nominate candidates for Congress and the Assembly, and consequently Mr. **Quinn** was nominated.


JOHN QUINN.

It would be a sad day for New York if there were no more serious opposition to Tammany Hall than this. Mr. **Einstein's** nomination is, therefore, to be welcomed by every good citizen. Tammany Hall's ascendency in municipal affairs can be viewed with no other feeling than that of bitter regret. If its masters may do well in the way of administering the public business, or if an able business man is their candidate for the mayoralty, they have simply paid a forced tribute to popular opinion, and so given evidence of the necessity of continued and strong opposition. If the best sentiment of New York should prevail in its politics, Tammany Hall would not control a single office. From top to bottom it is bad—in spirit, in motive, in organization, in purpose. The object of its members and leaders in securing control of the city is personal aggrandizement. They want money and power for those who are at the head, and employment, at the public expense, for the thousands of henchmen who, in return, give them their votes. If a Tammany official does his duty by the city, especially if he does it against what seems to be the interest of himself and his friends, it is because of his wholesome fear of the people.

The organization is undemocratic and unrepublican. It is purely autocratic. The leader, who now happens to be Mr. **Croker**, names the candidates. No matter what the rank and file may wish, they must obey the orders that are issued at the central office. They hold conventions, it is true, for they keep up the appearance of adherence to the essential forms of a republican government, but their conventions are merely ratification meetings, the candidates having been decided upon by the autocrats of the "Hall."


THOMAS F. GILROY.

So far as local officers are concerned, they are expected to conduct the city's business in the interest of Tammany, with just enough regard for public opinion to avoid a strong and dangerous opposition. It is the duty of every good citizen to do his utmost to overthrow this organization, and at least to keep alive the dread of punishment that will follow any serious and flagrant act of dishonest or bad government.

This year this duty can best be performed by voting for **Edwin Einstein**, the Republican candidate for Mayor. Mr. **Einstein** is a reputable business man, and has served in Congress with credit to himself, and to the satisfaction of his constituents. But beyond and above that he stands for opposition to Tammany and its methods. He represents the idea that the city should be governed for itself, for the comfort and advantage of all its people, as opposed to the theory that it should be governed for the honor and glory of a selfish organization, which, at the best, is but a banded conspiracy against the intelligence and conscience of the metropolis of the country.

A PRAISE OF POETS.

Genuine excellence is distinguished by this mark, that it belongs to all mankind, says **Goethe**, writing to **Carlyle**. And Mrs. **Anne Thackeray Ritchie**, in that delightful book of memories which she has called *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning,** expresses a like feeling when she says: "As one thinks of it, one recognizes that a great man is greater than we are because his aim (consciously or unconsciously) is juster, his strength stronger and less strained; his right is more right than ours, his certainty more certain; he shows us the best of that which concerns him, and the best of ourselves, too, in that which concerns us in his work or his teaching.

"'God uses us to help each other so, *lending our minds out.*'"

Among these "lenders" are any greater than the three whose personal history is here so delicately and reverently outlined? What the conduct of life would have seemed to the generation which has always heard the music of **Tennyson** echoing from some dreamland, rich, deep, of unutterable charm; which was born to that familiarity with beauty in nature and in art which it was the message of **Ruskin** to command; whose youthful pulses thrilled to the splendid dramatic call of **Browning**—what the ideal life would have meant without their enrichment it is impossible to imagine.

And yet in each instance it is rather an intellectual than a personal sway that they have owned. As individuals they seemed remote, unresponsive, or repellent. It is only within a few years that **Ruskin's** *Præterita* showed to his true lovers glimpses of a beautiful life, while **Browning**, that "man of rock and sunshine," went unexplained until his death, and the world has held a vague impression that the wise would seek to know the Laureate only through his verses, and not by report of neighbors or personal contact.

But it is a natural and good instinct to wish a closer knowledge of our benefactors, and Mrs. **Ritchie** has earned the gratitude of a great multitude of faithful souls for taking them into the very presence of these masters, and saying: "See, now, how gentle, how kindly, how faithful, how simple, how upright, how charitable in judgment, how loving, are these great poets! How beautiful is the home life! How close to nature do their days pass! How sincere is every written line!" Henceforth all we who read this record have three more friends than we had reckoned, not the less constant that they are silent, not the less near that they are invisible.

And when those worldly moods come to us wherein we are apt to feel that meat is more than life and raiment than the body, may not the thought of these lofty counsellors persuade us to truer judgments?

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* *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning.* Harper & Brothers. 1892.

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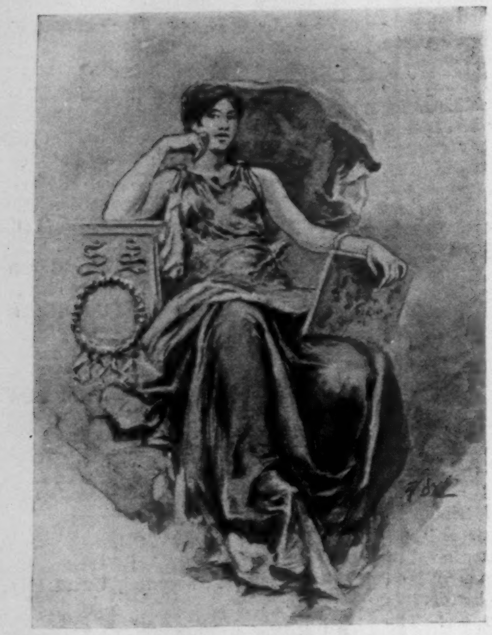

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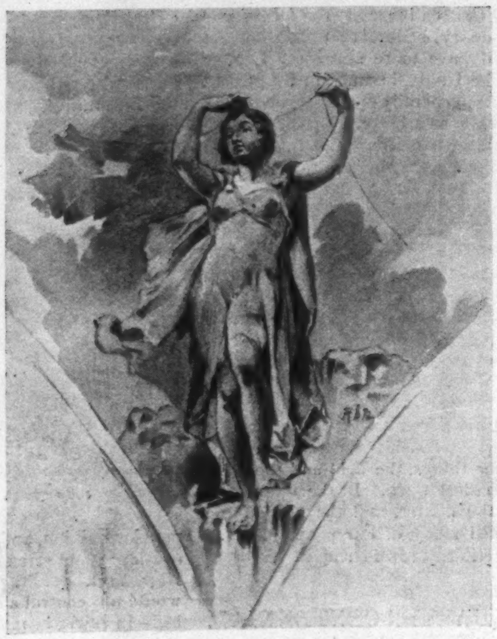

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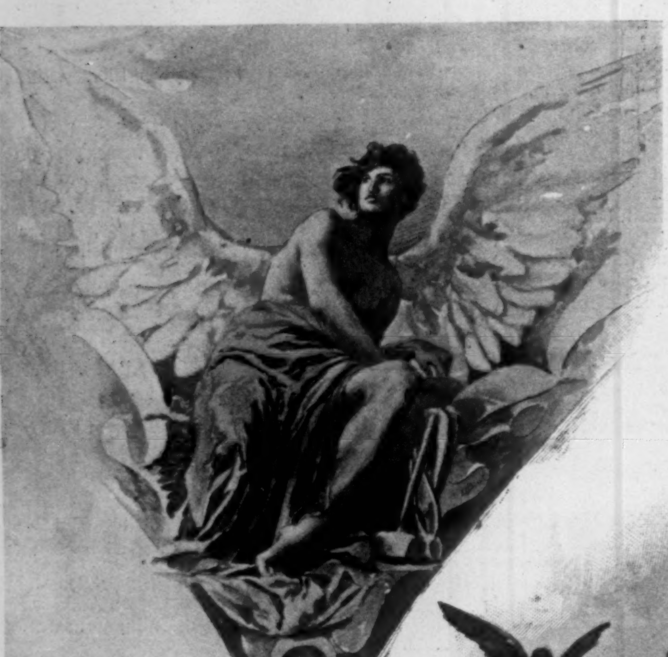

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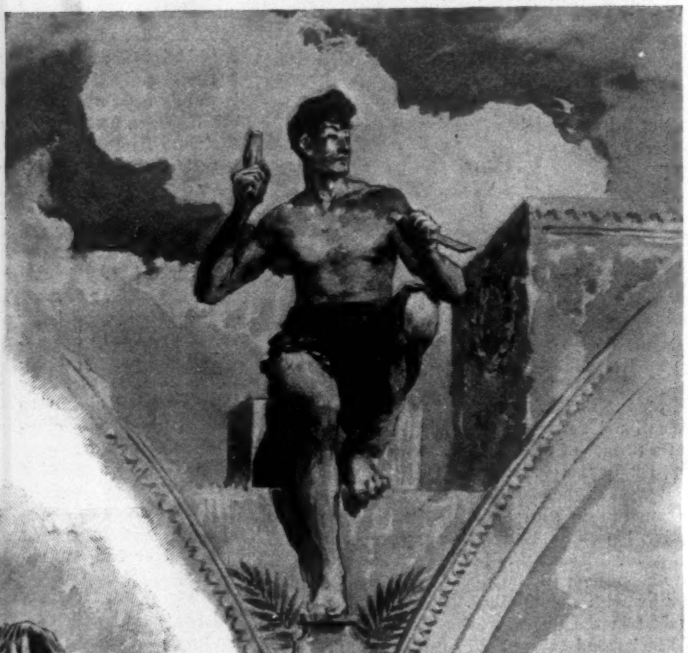

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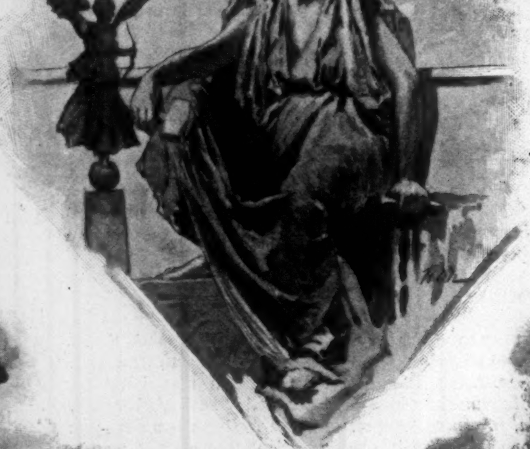
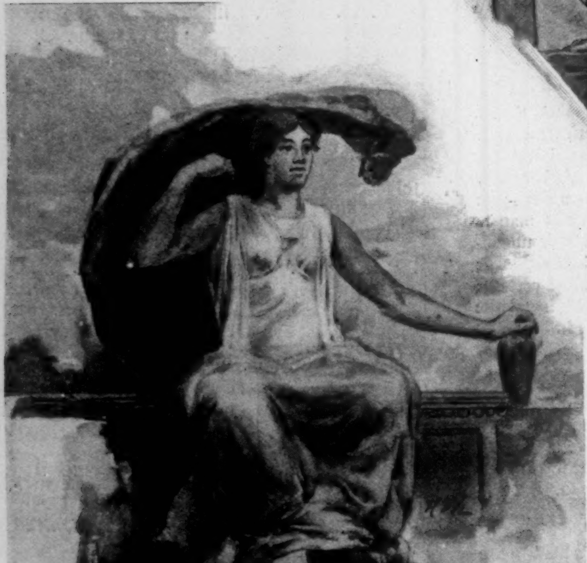


ONE OF FOUR FIGURES IN THE DOME OF WEST ENTRANCE. C. S. REINHART.



IN THE DOME, SOUTH ENTRANCE.—J. ALDEN WEIR.

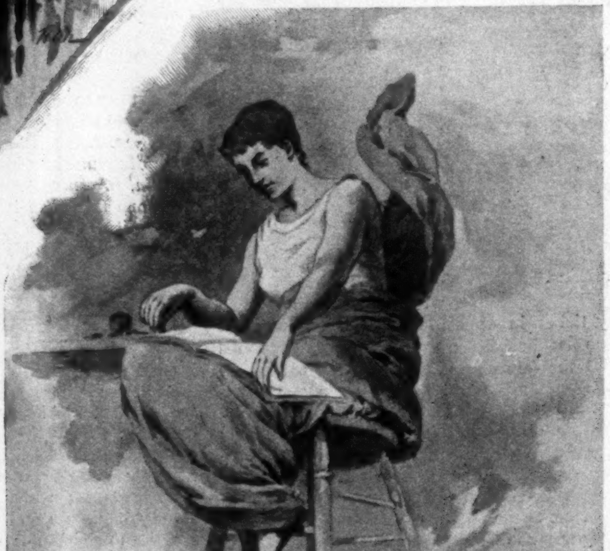
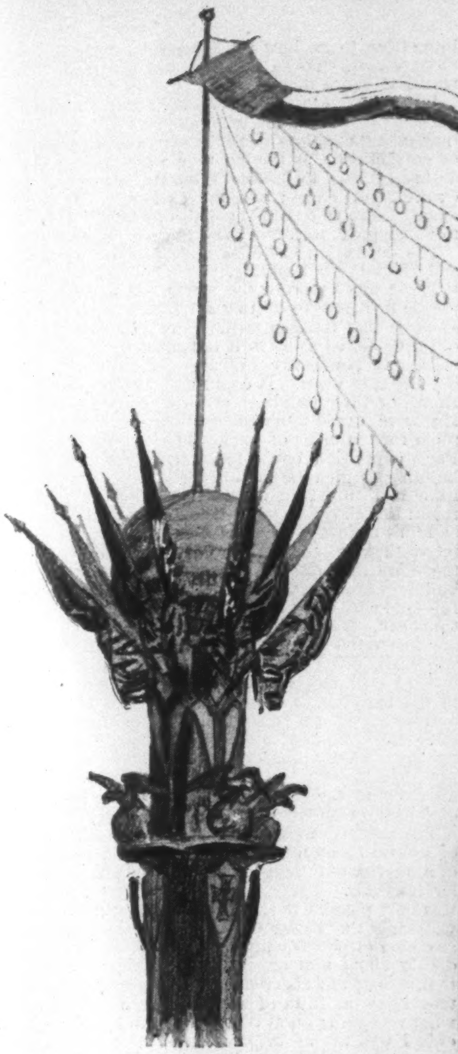
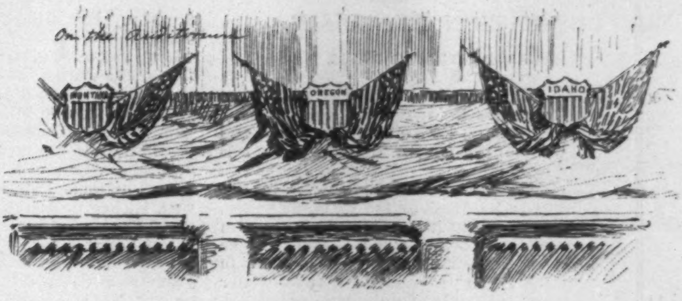


FIGURE OF TELEGRAPHY—DOME, NORTH END.—J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

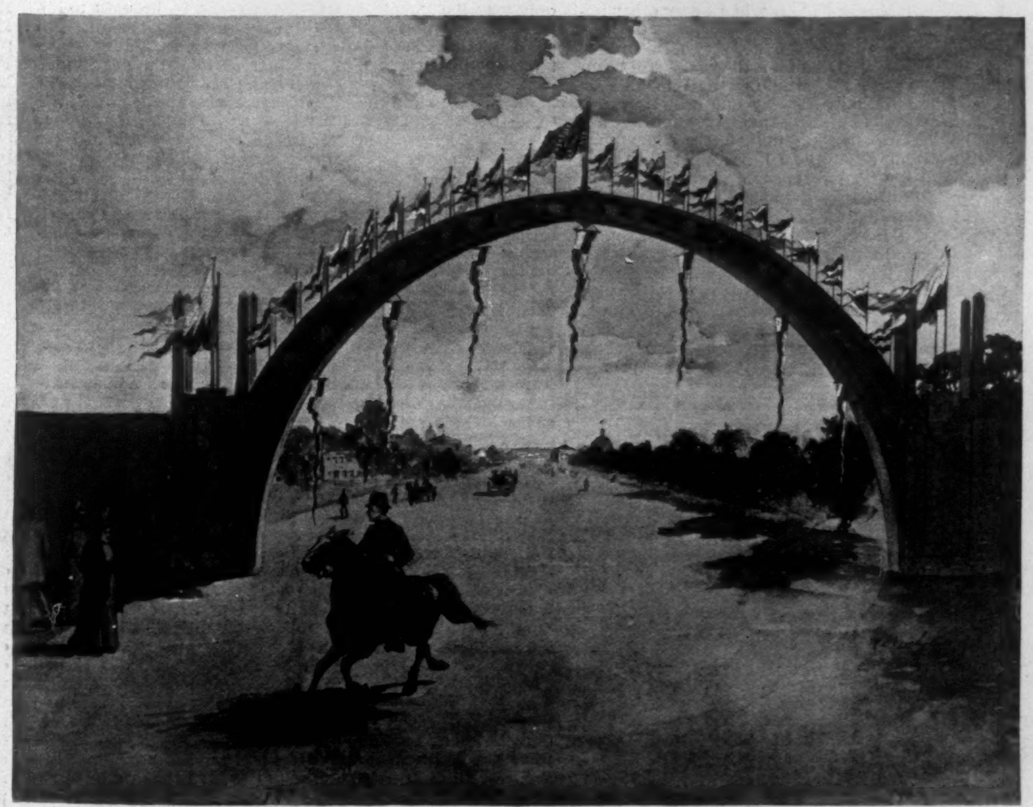
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—MURAL DECORATIONS IN THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.



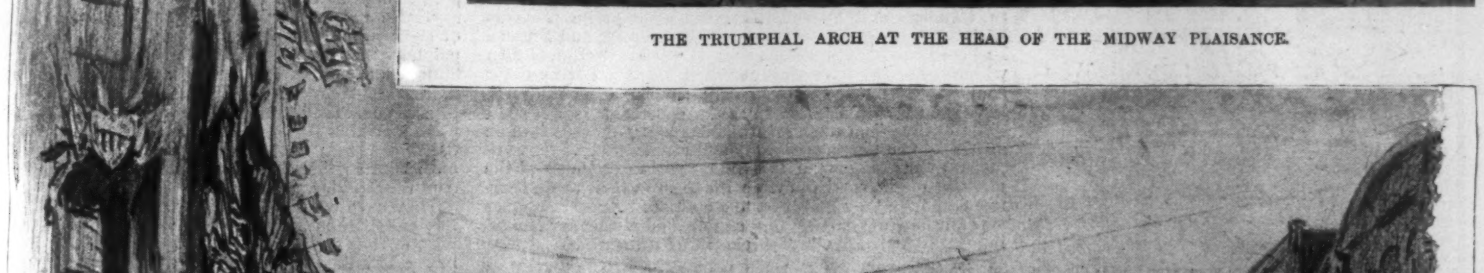
CORNER OF ELECTRIC ARCH, MICHIGAN AVENUE.


On the Auditorium
OREGON
IDAHO

ON THE AUDITORIUM BUILDING.



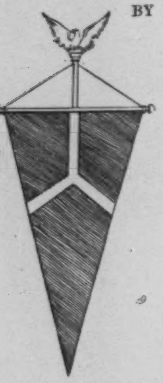
THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE HEAD OF THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.



THE CHICAGO COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION—TRIUMPHAL ARCH AND SOME STREET DECORATIONS.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.

THE DEDICATION EXERCISES.

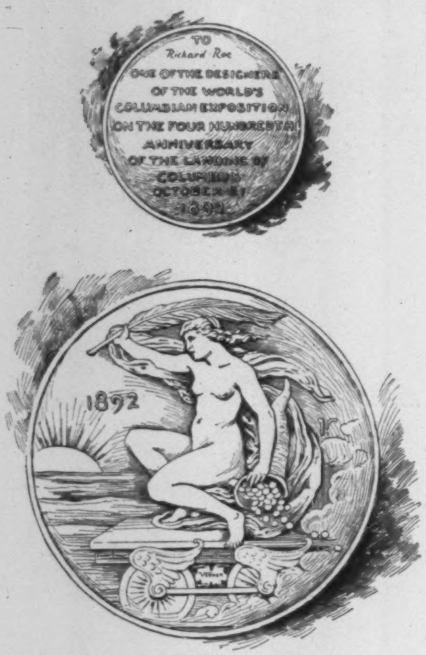
BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.



The Insignia of the City of Chicago.

CHICAGO at any time, in its most normal state, if it ever lapses into such a state, is distinctly a show city, and if you pay it your first visit while it is dedicating World's Fair buildings and making room for one million strangers, your impressions are so many and so various that it is difficult to know with which to begin. This is especially so when you must tell what you saw to the accompaniment of a type-writer and the rattle of a limited express.

And yet after it is all over there is the one thing which found you unprepared, and the wonder of which remains with you when every other impression is slipping away as rapidly as the miles which keep you from New York. And that is the wonderful beauty and magnitude of the World's Fair buildings. Every one who has not seen these buildings thinks he knows exactly what they are like, and does not want to hear anything more concerning them. At least one man thought he knew what they were like before he saw them, and certainly dreaded being told again in bewildering statistics of their area, height, and cost. But when I saw them around the lagoon, in front of the main entrance, I wanted to be left entirely alone with them, as one wants to be left alone in front of a beautiful landscape or a great picture. There is no use of my trying to say why this was so, why they are impressive and dignified and beautiful, for I remember having read all this before of them, and of not considering it at all.



The Medal designed by Elihu Vedder and presented to the Artists and Designers of the Columbian Exposition Buildings.

Their magnitude and their beauty, not on account of these qualities, but in spite of them, are not things of which the best writers on architecture—of which I am certainly not one—can give any idea; neither can colored prints with palm-trees in the foreground and blue skies above, nor even photographs which "never lie." You can hardly hope to give another person an idea of anything unless there is something with which he is already familiar, and with which you can make comparison. In this case you can only compare the World's Fair buildings with Rome as we believe it was in its grandest days, and with those days we cannot claim to be intimate. One of the Spanish legation put it this way. "The Chicago buildings," he said, "are the buildings we should have seen in Paris; those of the Paris exhibition are those we might have expected to find at Chicago." That is exactly right, and one of the secondary surprises of this wonderful white city: that the city of art and letters of the Madeleine and of the Beaux-Arts should have fallen down and worshipped an Eiffel Tower and Edison electric lightings, and that the city of grain-elevators and pork should have reared a second city as classic in its beauty as the Athens of to-day, and as true in the detail of a cornice as it is grand as a whole.

The first impression on seeing these buildings is of delight and bewilderment, and the second is one of acute pity that they should ever have to be taken away, and the third is the question expressed by the Spanish visitor, that admitting they do exist, how came they to exist where they are? I do not mean by this the physical fact that they are built on swamps and sand dunes. That is a thing of which too much is made, and which, in the face of the buildings themselves, is of mean importance. The transformation of a desert into a garden of beauty has been accomplished before, and we are all willing to admit that if Chicago wants to do so, she can plant an island off the lake shore, or rear a Rock of Gibraltar in the morass. She has the money, the men, and the spirit. But it required something much more difficult to obtain than money or good engineers or "public-spirited citizens" to design and complete the panorama of beautiful buildings which has risen where the swamps were, and that I am afraid we did not think Chicago possessed; and that she did possess it, or knew where to look for it in others and to call them to her side, is properly her keenest pleasure and delight to-day. If we doubted Chicago's taste in the past, and if the country was slow and is slow in believing she has shown it so wonderfully in these buildings, it is only the fault of Chicago herself. Every one likes to think he was the first to discover a new thing; he feels that unearthing a boy genius on the violin, or a new writer, or a strong Presidential candidate, reflects on himself, and he cannot say too much concerning him. But if the boy violinist or the writer or the candidate discovers himself, and claims to be first, and the rest nowhere, and asserts and reiterates his own virtues, the rest of the world draws back and asks, "Why should we praise you when you do it so well yourself?" That, I think, was Chicago's trouble in the past. Her people and her papers were so sure of themselves that they left the rest of the country nothing to say more, and instead of a quicker and more generous response to the wonderful work she has done on this Columbian Fair, her efforts were for some time treated with silence or doubt, and she has, as before, had to do the greater part of the talking herself.

But the day the stranger from the outside world visits Chicago and sees these buildings and lakes and pleasure-grounds merging into one another and forming one great picture, he becomes at once an advance agent and a herald for this World's Fair, and he is proud of his country and of her artists, and of Chicago and her men of business, who have shown that they are men of taste as well. That is the only way the people of this country can be brought to appreciate the World's Fair properly; they must see it. No description of it, nor statistics, nor pictures, are going to give them any idea of it. You might as well hope to get an idea of the awful majesty of London by reading the *Times*, or of Mont Blanc by looking at photographs. There is nothing to do but to go and see it, and to spend days in so doing. One might as well try to read all the books in the Astor Library in a month as to see these buildings, even as they are to-day, in a week.

There were three features of the dedication week in Chicago—the ball on Wednesday night, the dinner of the Fellowship Club on Thursday night, and the exercises themselves on Friday morning. The ball was a very wonderful one and very beautiful, and the foreign diplomats assured the patronesses that it reminded them of the finest of the court balls of Europe; and as they were probably the only people present who had ever attended court balls, this was an eminently safe as well as graceful thing for them to say. As a ball it was a great success, but as a preface to the more serious services of the week it was of as much and as little importance, as a reporter on one of the papers pointed out, as the breaking of a champagne bottle on the prow of a great ship. The dinner of the Fellowship Club was of interest, because it brought together 115 men of the most widely different callings, pursuits, and opinions, and because it is not likely that so distinguished a group of men have ever assembled in this country around one table. It illustrated more than anything else has done of late what we mean when we talk in this country of democracy, and also how widely spread is the interest in this World's Fair.

If absolute democracy is an excellent thing, those who believe in it should have attended this dinner, and they would have found much to gratify them. They would have seen his Eminence the Cardinal in his scarlet robe beside John Wanamaker; the Chief Justice of the United States and Marshal P. Wilder; an ex-President, a Vice-President, a nominee for the Vice-Presidency, and a dozen men who expect to be President some day, and a dozen others who are quite as determined that the first dozen shall not, mixed in with cabinet ministers and ministers plenipotentiary. With these were Governors as plenty as waiters, and clergymen of each denomination, and artists like Augustus St. Gaudens and F. D. Millet, and as opposite poets as Richard Watson Gilder, who looks like a poet, and Eugene Field, who looks like Savonarola. It was a collection of men which could not have been gathered together in any other country. Not that the other countries have not the men, but the men would not have met. Whether this is a good thing or not is not essential; the interesting fact is that these men sat down together in unity and rose in peace.

One of the features of this dinner was the number of the gifts the guests carried away with them in their arms, looking as though they had been to a cotillon. Another feature was a beautiful poem set to the metre and music of "Marching through Georgia." The chorus of it was:

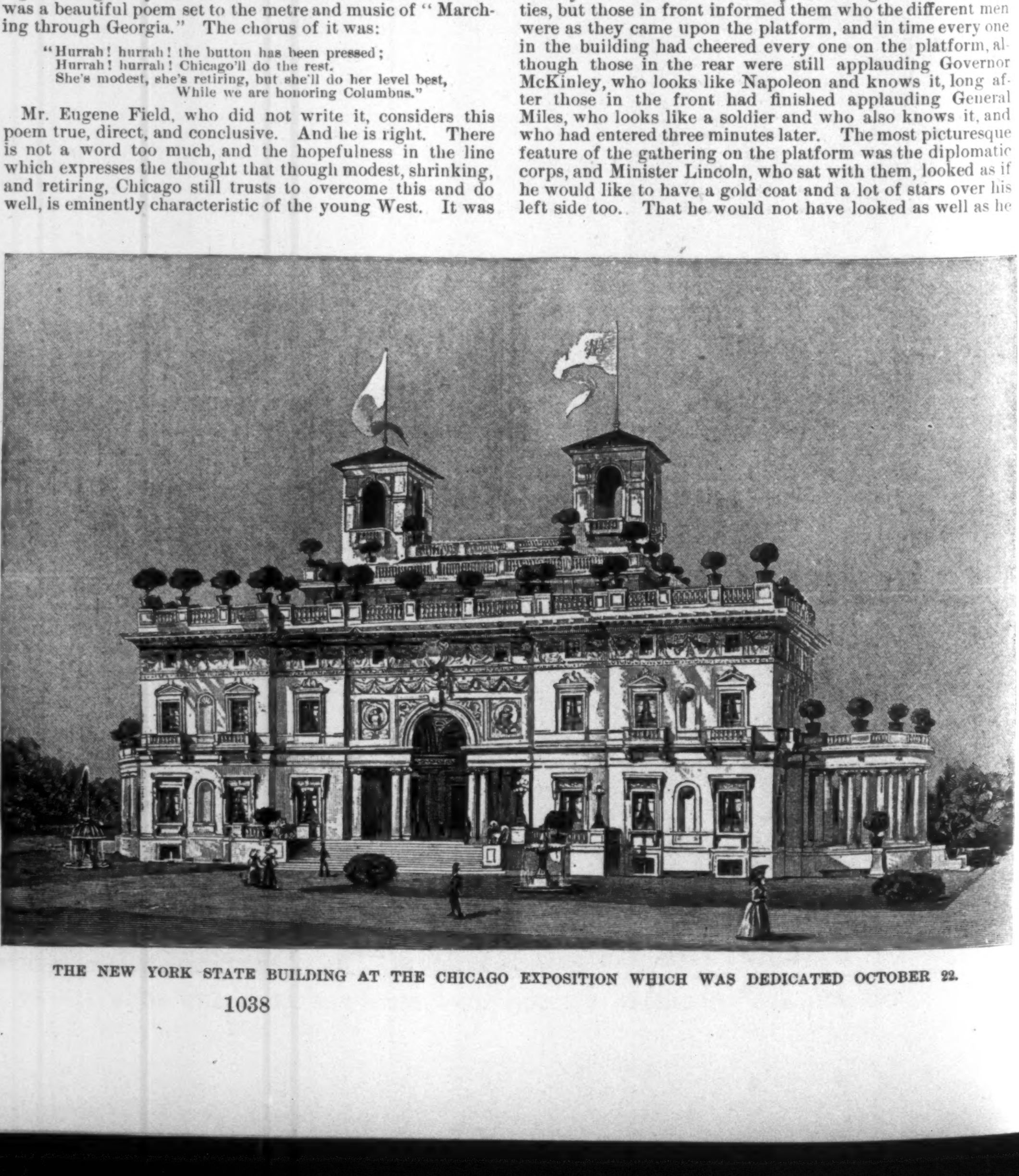
> "Hurrah! hurrah! the button has been pressed;
> Hurrah! hurrah! Chicago'll do the rest.
> She's modest, she's retiring, but she'll do her level best,
> While we are honoring Columbus."

Mr. Eugene Field, who did not write it, considers this poem true, direct, and conclusive. And he is right. There is not a word too much, and the hopefulness in the line which expresses the thought that though modest, shrinking, and retiring, Chicago still trusts to overcome this and do well, is eminently characteristic of the young West. It was interesting to see how the different gentlemen present took these verses. Those with a sense of humor saw the intentional satire in them, and grinned at the printed copy before them, and went on with their dinners; those who had no sense of humor, and who take everything as seriously as they take themselves, sang the verses as conscientiously and as energetically as though they were singing the national anthem. The Postmaster-General, Governor McKinley, ex-President Hayes, and the ex-Minister to France were among those who sang these absurd lines. It is interesting to watch great men like these in their hours of ease.

The dedication exercises were held in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. This building is about twice as large as any other in the world. It dwarfed the 100,000 people in it, and to do that a building must be large. It is so large that thirteen steamers of the size of the *Majestic* could be stored away in it broadside to broadside, and with neither the bowsprit nor the stern of any one of them touching the side walls. It could hold two of the Colosseum at Rome, or three buildings as large as St. Paul's in London. If it were turned into a railroad depot it would have ground room for ten miles of track, and all of the buildings of the Paris exposition could be stored away in it. With one building as gigantic as this, the directors of the exposition have had to refuse foreign countries one million feet of room: this shows on what scale the exposition is going to be, and how serious is the interest in it abroad. These facts are interesting, but they must never be allowed to overshadow the more important fact that in spite of their size these buildings are beautiful—beautiful as the Pantheon is beautiful—and with every detail as carefully considered as a bride's trousseau. The very awnings on the row-boats in the lake are accounted for in the scheme of color. This building was partly filled with 100,000 people, who faced a platform holding 2500, and which looked in comparison with the rest of the building as large as a pulpit in a cathedral. The orators sat on this platform, and the diplomatic corps in their uniforms and crosses and ribbons, and back of them the army officers and the Governors and their staffs. The pressmen sat in front, and beyond them the families of the members of the cabinet and those of the important people of Chicago who were not on the platform.

The exercises were conducted in pantomime, and a chorus of several thousand, led by Theodore Thomas, at a distance of a quarter of a mile, broke in on the pantomime at irregular intervals. These interruptions were not serious, as it was only possible at times to know that there was music by watching the leader's bâton. Whenever the orator said anything of peculiar interest, the few hundred people immediately about him applauded, and the rest of the audience took this up and cheered and waved handkerchiefs, although they knew as little of what had been said as they did of what was going on at that moment in New York city. The crowd was not as impressive as the crowd in New York city during the late military parade, but the remarkable thing about it was its order. The crowd in New York lined the streets and cross streets, and hung to roofs and balconies, but the crowd in Chicago was either decorously seated or stood in even rows, without shoving or rowdyism of any sort, or occasioning the least accident. Sometimes a thousand or so rose up to see the better, and those behind threw programmes at them and shouted at them to sit down in rhythmic unison, at which the thousand would sink out of sight again, and another group would rise at another point, so that the great field of faces, as broad as Madison Square, was constantly punctured, like the rising and falling in the key-board of a piano. When anything especially pleased them they would wave their handkerchiefs until the place looked as if snow were falling over it. A majority of the crowd were in the building from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, and, with the exception of the choruses, had heard nothing of the exercises.

They were even too far away to distinguish the celebrities, but those in front informed them who the different men were as they came upon the platform, and in time every one in the building had cheered every one on the platform, although those in the rear were still applauding Governor McKinley, who looks like Napoleon and knows it, long after those in the front had finished applauding General Miles, who looks like a soldier and who also knows it, and who had entered three minutes later. The most picturesque feature of the gathering on the platform was the diplomatic corps, and Minister Lincoln, who sat with them, looked as if he would like to have a gold coat and a lot of stars over his left side too. That he would not have looked as well as he



THE NEW YORK STATE BUILDING AT THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION WHICH WAS DEDICATED OCTOBER 22.

did in his frock-coat is a question. The good and worthy Congressmen present would have assured you that he would not; for they are as much afraid of the gold lace on a coat as they are of the word ambassador, and they ought to know all about it, because few of them ever see a diplomat until they go to Washington. If they could go abroad a little, and see the minister of their country bowing down to the ambassadors of the countries they pretend to despise, and walking meekly in behind Roumania or Ecuador in a dress suit at eleven in the morning, they might learn that democracy is not the less fine because it asserts the dignity of its representatives when a title will do it, and does not offend the laws of common etiquette or make its officials look ridiculous. The diplomatic service of this country is as much a part of it as the other two services, and there is no more harm in the title of "ambassador" than in that of "colonel" or "commander," and no more reason for not putting our representatives in smart clothes than there would be for making our sailors and soldiers wear blue jeans lest a uniform should be undemocratic, and tend to make them disloyal. We are a good deal like the Indians Columbus discovered, after all. I thought of that when I saw the Turkish commissioner, gorgeous in gold and decorations, politely salute every regular soldier in the line through which he passed, while not one of them moved his gun in response, but leaned on it open-mouthed, and gaping at the sight of so much magnificence.

I also thought of it when I saw our Governor and our Vice-President eating sandwiches while reviewing the parade the other day, and the look of horror which came over the face of the Spanish Minister when they offered him one. It is quite reasonable to reply that men need not starve, but then they need not assume positions they cannot fill with dignity, either. However, as the majority of the people elected them to those positions, it is only fair to suppose that the people do not mind. I still say, though, having the last word, that we are still a good deal like the Indians Columbus had the honor to discover.

It may be of some satisfaction to the New-Yorkers, who not only lost sight of the twelve Chicago Aldermen who visited our celebration, but did not even miss them, to know that the Chicagoans lost the thirteen ladies who were to have represented the thirteen original States. They had a prominent place assigned them in the parade, but when the parade reached the main building the original thirteen ladies were not there; they had disappeared, taking their carriages, banners, and designating placards with them, and nobody knew where they were. It was most unfortunate. There were a great many men lost in the Chicago celebration, and if it had no other effect, the lesson it taught the visiting big men of other places was healthy and bitter. The big men were confident on the trains approaching Chicago. "It will be all right," they said. "They know I'm coming"; and then a few hours later one would meet them wandering wild-eyed through the streets, saying: "Have you seen Handy? There are no tickets for me at my hotel. I guess they don't know I'm here." In this way Chicago had her revenge. If we lost her twelve Aldermen, she lost more New-Yorkers than will ever admit it. It was like the band musician who had been drinking during the parade, and who, when the conductor asked him for his ticket on the way home, said he had no ticket; that he had lost it.

"Lost it!" exclaimed the conductor, impatiently. "Nonsense! You can't have lost a ticket."

"Can't I, though," cried the musician, triumphantly. "I've lost the big drum."

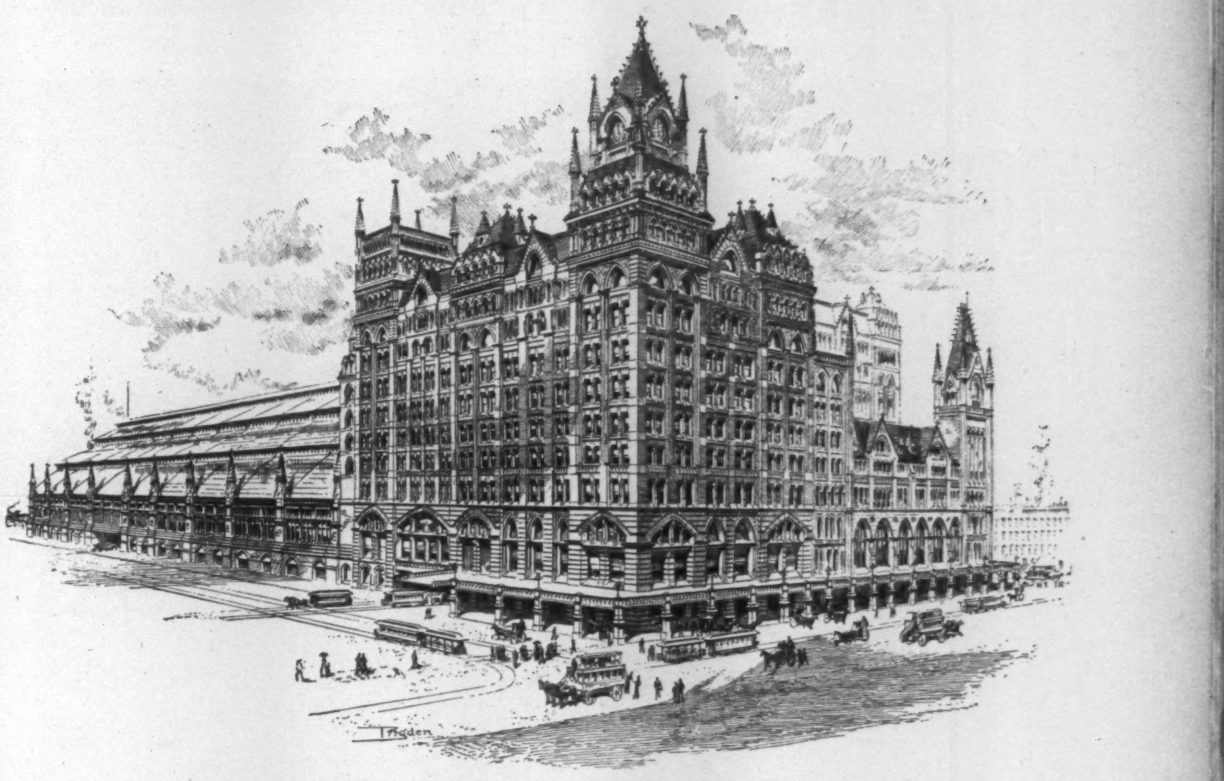
We only lost a few Aldermen, but Chicago proudly lost sight of some very big drums from all over the country.

I saw very little of Chicago, because it was all wrapped up in bunting; but for the satisfaction of those of New York who like to make comparisons between the two cities, I might mention a few things in Chicago which they should do well to see. They should see the level streets and the excellence with which they are paved; the streets where none but private carriages may go, and the streets where every one has his own grass-plot and fig-tree. They need not look enviously up at the high buildings, however, because some day they will topple over, and the only safe place to stand then will be out on the lake in a yacht—and a long way out at that. They must also get themselves invited to clubs and places, because the Chicago men are hospitable, and always consider you their guest up to the time you alight at your hotel. I mean by this that they always send you on to the next place in a cab, even when you are quite willing and able to walk. That, at the rate charged for cabs during a dedication week, is true hospitality. But you must not go out in steam-yachts or tugs on their lake. A distinguished party from New York did that three times, and each of the three times the engines gave out, or the boiler burst, or the rudder sank from view—as rudders will when they are of iron and the fastenings break; and the distinguished architect who had them in charge had nerve-storms, lest all the beauty and brains of New York should be left buried at the bottom of Lake Michigan where it would be of value to no one.

His experiences, however, were nothing to that of the Vice-President, who was three hours going five miles in the American man-of-war *Michigan*. The American men-of-war which inhabit the lakes are good boats from which to fish, but they are not up to a long stern chase. I have said nothing about the civil parade, because it was not very good, and the crowd, as compared with that in New York, was as different in size as a crush at an afternoon tea to a run on a bank. Any one, if he did not mind being clubbed, could go through the line in Chicago; no one could go through the crowds in New York unless he was reclining in an ambulance. The police in Chicago struck me as the worst I had ever seen—even worse than those in New York; the trouble is, I suppose, that they were praised so much for their bravery at the Haymarket riots that they have presumed on it ever since. They were most slouchy looking and insolent. But what Chicago needs most is a lot of smart new hansom cabs; those they have now are what we use for "night-hawks" in New York, and would not be tolerated on the streets in daytime. I suppose, though, that everything was called into service for the dedication days, and that that accounts for the excitement of the police and the presence of such cabs as I saw.

The parades in Chicago in no way approached those in New York. The decorations were monotonous and cheap, and as a spectacle there was no comparison. The midnight pageant in Chicago was better than the one in New York, because the people of Chicago wisely gave it up. That is the only way to make a midnight pageant a success.

I hope to get back to Chicago again when there are no dedication exercises to interfere with the broad sweep of her hospitality, but in the meanwhile I must admire her for the true sporting spirit which exists among her people, and which was illustrated to me most innocently by a driver of a cab. He was on the Grand Boulevard, which *is* grand, and had said that on that side the gentlemen raced their trotting-horses. The place was crowded with carriages, and I, with my conservative New York regard for law and order, asked if there were no police regulations bearing on the subject. "The police?" he said. "Oh yes; the mounted police; they always ride ahead and see that the gentlemen have a fair race." A city which makes the proud coupé and the humble family carriage get out of the way for the gentleman who wishes to speed his trotter on the public highway, shows a noble sporting spirit. Is it any wonder that Chicago got the fair?



THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD'S NEW STATION IN PHILADELPHIA.

INTERIOR DECORATIONS.

In the Liberal Arts Building at the World's Fair, says the New York *Times*, the painter, Walter Shirlaw, has placed upon one of the inner domes four symbolical figures of Gold, Silver, Pearl, and Coral, representing in female forms the "Abundance of Land and Sea." The background for these figures is yellowish. "Electricity Applied to Commerce" is the subject chosen by J. Carroll Beckwith. Female figures sit by a dynamo, hold a telephone to the ear, hold an arc light, or represent the telegraph, while the spirit of electricity is shown in the centre as a flying figure with butterfly wings. Male workers in hemp, stone, wood, and iron are supplied by E. E. Simmons. Kenyon Cox has female figures symbolizing Iron-work, Porcelain, Tiles, and Textile-work. J. Alden Weir has four female figures, draped, and a nude boy holding a tablet. Robert Reid has figures representing Design and Ornament. C. S. Reinhart's figures symbolize Embroidery, Pottery, Illustration, Illumination, and Carving. E. H. Blashfield's are supplied with quadruple wings; they refer to goldsmithry, brass and iron work, the armorer's art, and other branches of work in metals.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD'S NEW STATION IN PHILADELPHIA.

In speaking of Philadelphia, the average American, through a vast ignorance of the subject, is apt to speak slightingly of the substantial old Quaker City. Perhaps on general lines she is not in it with Chicago or New York, but after the real advantages of these two cities, and those of some other aspirants for metropolitan honors, are boiled down to par, just how much the city of Penn is behind the times is not so apparent in those things that go to make this life bearable. As a city of homes she is famous the world over, but it is not generally known that she also possesses in her suburbs and in the adjacent counties the finest semi-rural and country homes in this country, equalled nowhere in the Old World, unless it be in the suburbs of Paris. For these advantages her wonderful railroad facilities are responsible. Grade crossings, the bane of the city, are now, under wise legislation, rapidly disappearing from the city's map, and the terminal stations of the Pennsylvania and Philadelphia and Reading place these homes and villas within easy reach of the heart of the city.

Some one said once that there were only two *things* in this country—one was New York city, and the other was the Pennsylvania Railroad. As examples of our nineteenth-century civilization they are very fair. Pennsylvania was the first railroad in Philadelphia to recognize the vital necessity of landing her local passengers near the business centre of the town. For years this road occupied, in West Philadelphia, a dilapidated shanty built originally for the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad Company. For the Centennial they built a fairly good train-shed two blocks further out on Market Street, and followed it up by crossing the Schuylkill, building an iron, brick, and stone viaduct reaching to Broad Street and the new City Hall. At the terminus of this they erected a very handsome and elaborate passenger station, at the Filbert Street corner, and occupying about one-half of their frontage on the square. That this was a move in the right direction the enormous and rapid increase in their local passenger traffic soon attested, and the track space as at first allotted has outgrown the original number several times over. Every possible expedient was resorted to to accommodate the great increase of travel without also incurring the expense of a new station. "Competition is the life of trade." No doubt Pennsylvania's new station would have been further delayed for several years, but Reading's grand new terminal close by, at Twelfth and Market, spurred on the Pennsylvania's officials, and the proposed improvement, as per our illustration, is to be the result. Plans from the best-known architects in the Quaker City were carefully examined by the company's officers, and after mature deliberation the design submitted by Messrs. Furness, Evans, & Co., was decided upon. Ground has been broken, and the work of building the largest railroad station in the world has been begun under the immediate supervision of Mr. W. H. Brown, chief engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad. In spite of the unusually heavy character of the work, not a wheel will be clogged, not a schedule altered, in the company's business. Jersey City afforded a splendid example of this, and the changes of grade in the road-bed in West Philadelphia showed what inventive power the engineering department of this great corporation possesses.

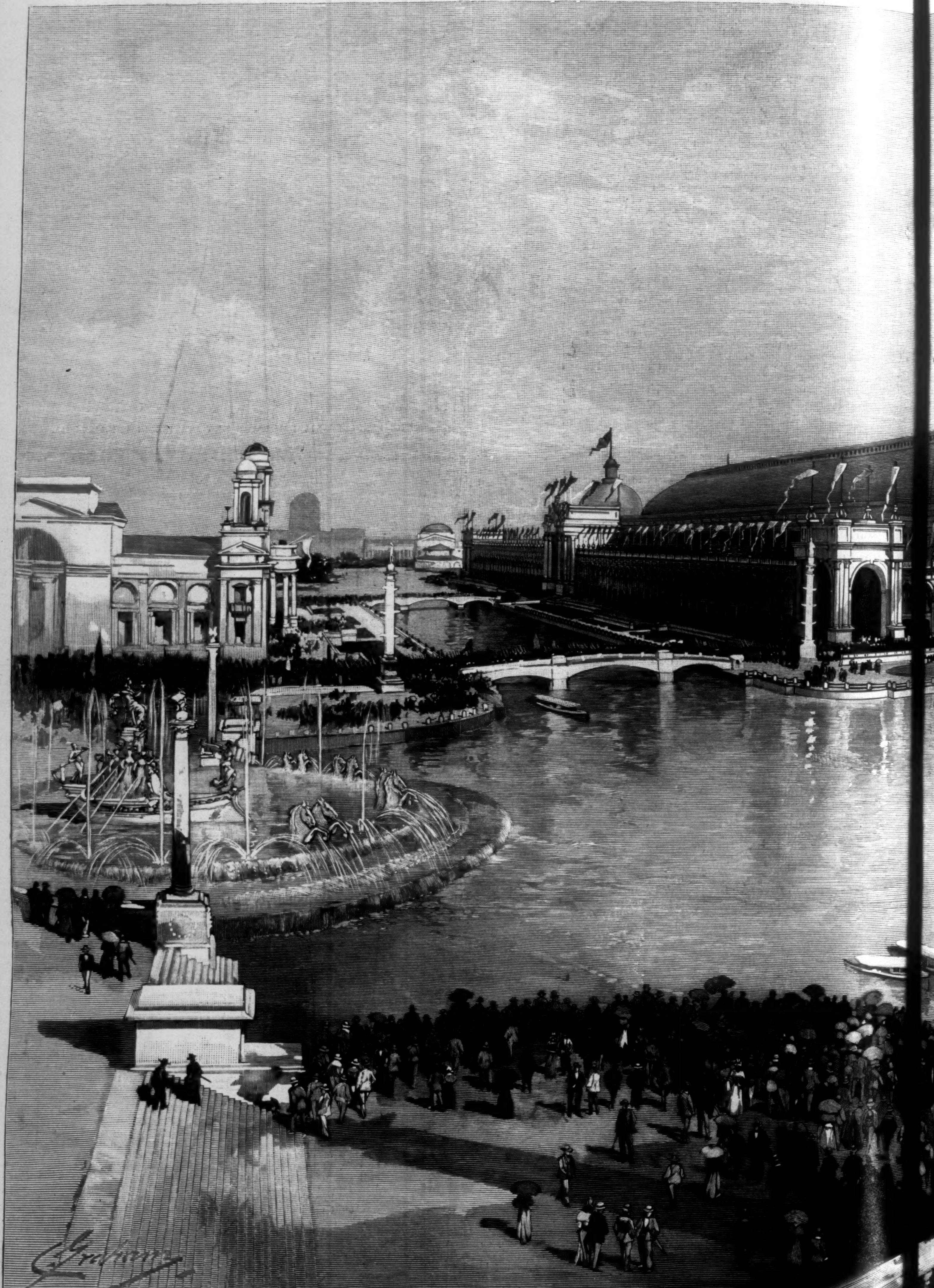
The new structure is designed to be a mammoth ten-story building of modern Gothic architecture, whose exterior is intended to correspond with the present station, as its construction will be of granite and brick, with highly ornamental trimming and bass-reliefs in terra-cotta. So as not to dwarf the old portion of the station by the 240-foot tower on the new one, and also to create a uniform harmonious whole after its completion, necessary modifications will be introduced in the lines of the new building, which, when finished, will exceed in every respect all other railroad terminals in the world, not excepting those in London, the Midland, St. Pancras, and London, Chatham, and Dover. The train-shed is to be 707 feet long, 307 feet wide, and 140 feet in height from the platform to the ridge of the central ventilator. The main arches will have a clear span of 294 feet at track, and a clear height at the centre of 104½ feet above the top of the rail. The entire structure, with its 6,000,000 pounds of iron, will present the appearance of a gigantic sun-parlor, for its extensive roof is to be largely composed of heavy translucent glass set in iron frame-work, this alone covering an area of 1¾ acres. Although the mammoth arches span an extreme width of 307 feet without any intervening obstructions or supports, leaving the space clear for sixteen tracks and the necessary platforms, the whole structure will be a model of strength, notwithstanding the unsuggestive lightness of the iron trusses and purlins. This train-shed in all its details will be really a star structure in a country where the architects' and engineers' fancies seem to know no bounds. Another good feature of this shed will be that its exterior both on Market and Filbert streets will be made to conform in general outline with the main building, thus doing away with that plainness and incongruity so often seen between train-halls and stations proper.

While this train-shed will be the distinctive feature of this improvement, a great deal of elaborate detail and interior decoration is provided for in Messrs. Furness, Evans, & Co.'s plans. The main entrance for outgoing passengers will be the corner of Broad and Market streets, semicircular and imposing in design; another entrance will be on Filbert Street, and a score or more of great arched entrances will line the front of Broad Street. These will be protected by a glass-covered arcade or awning, extending the entire length, and covering the pavements on the Broad and Market streets façades. This is probably an item out of President Roberts's note-book during his summer trip abroad. The entrance hall on the ground-floor will extend from Market Street to the baggage-room on Filbert Street, and so spacious in extent that the great traffic can be handled to and fro without any friction or crowding.

It is not generally known that "Pennsy," as the company is nicknamed on the Stock Exchange, was the pioneer in introducing the hansom cab into this country. In fact, whatever reform there has been in cab service throughout the country is due indirectly to the efforts of this company to establish a reliable and respectable system in its home city. Naturally in the new station commodious quarters have been provided for hansoms and "four-wheelers."

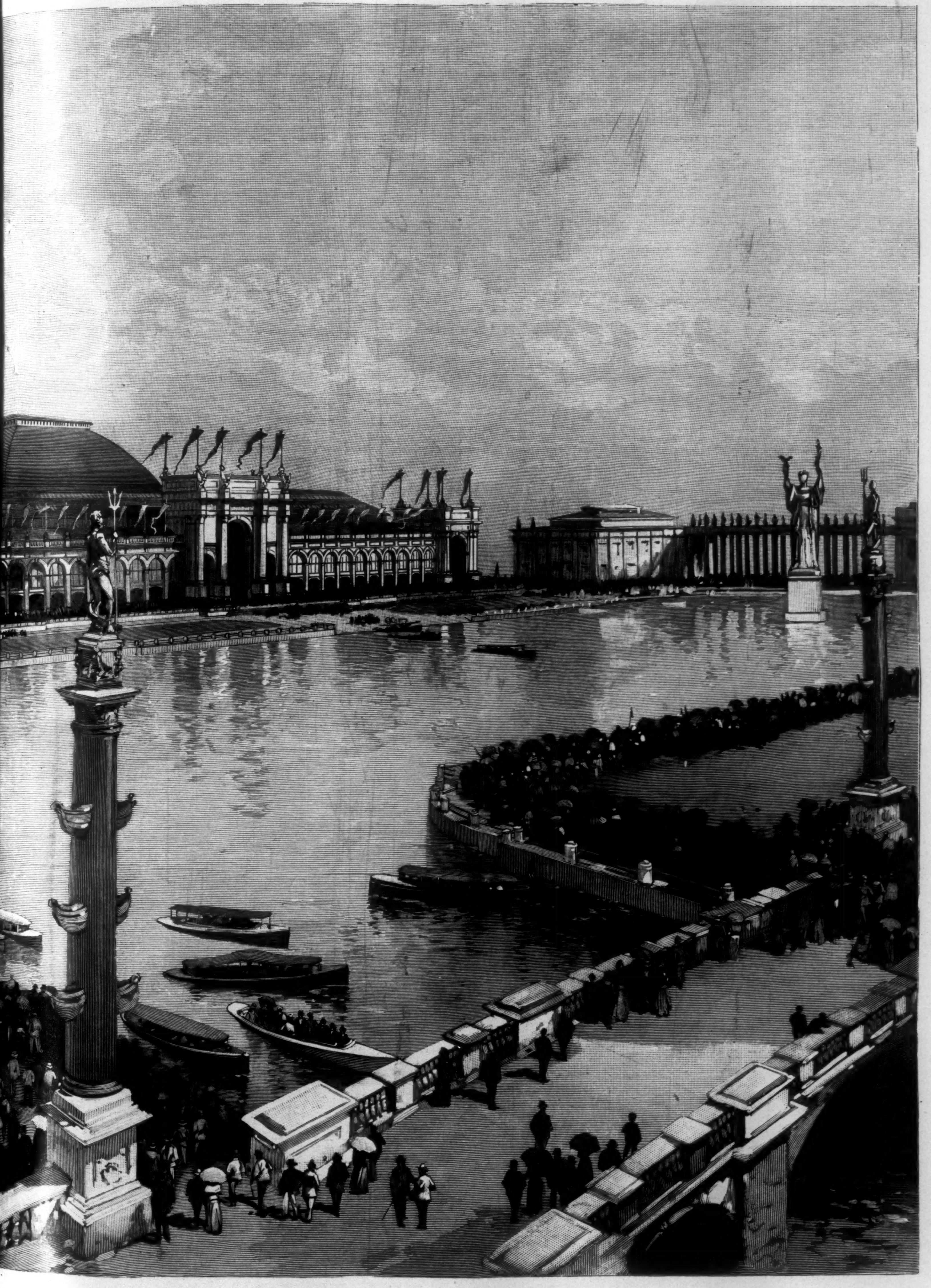
The arrangements for ticket offices, waiting-rooms, restaurants, cafés, are to be upon a scale in proportion to the general design of the buildings. Among others, the dining-room will be 29 feet wide by 111 feet in length. This ought to provide space enough to "railroad" a lunch in an emergency. The upper floors of the station will probably be fitted up into offices to accommodate the army of clerks, which has outgrown their Fourth Street offices.

Harry P. Mawson.



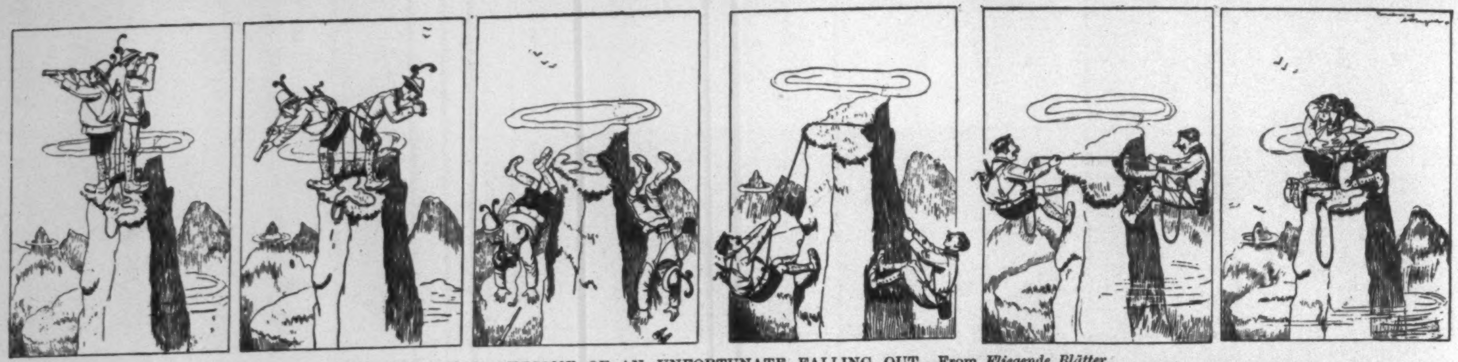
DEDICATION CEREMONIES OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSI ON

PROCESSION PASSING THE MA ACTU

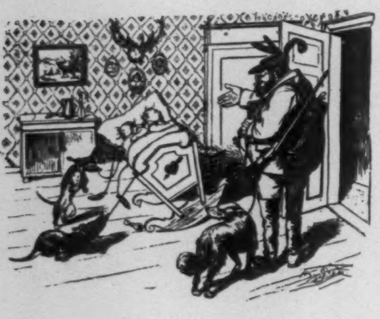


N AT CHICAGO—THE GRAND COURT.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

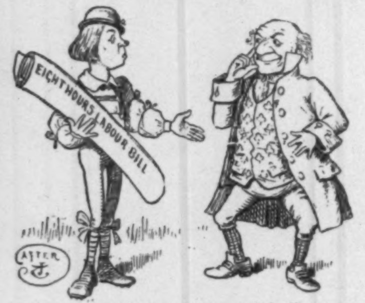
TURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.



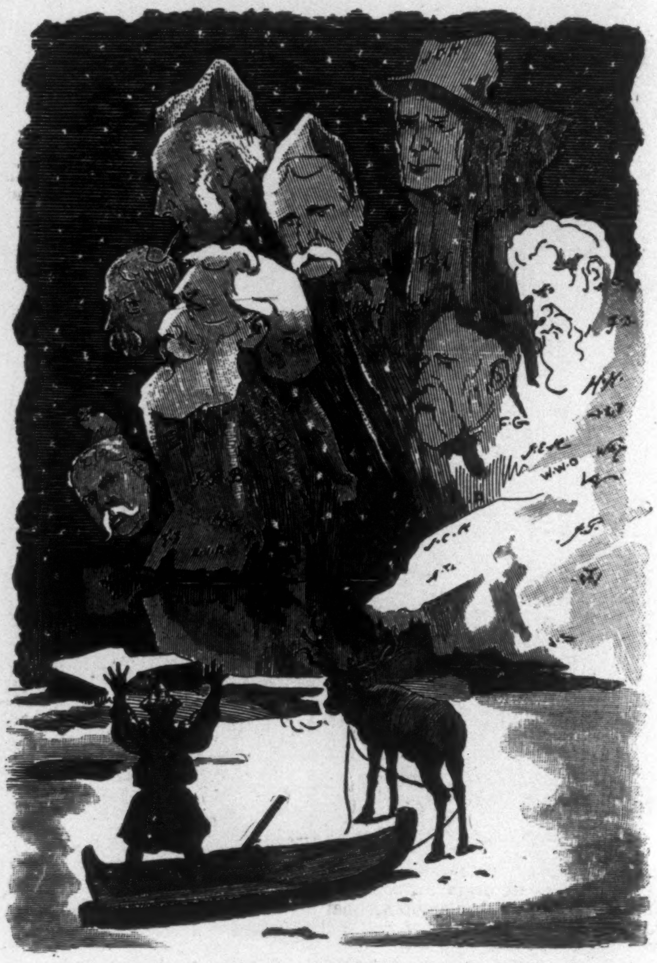
THE FORTUNATE OUTCOME OF AN UNFORTUNATE FALLING OUT.—From *Fliegende Blätter.*



THE PRACTICAL FATHER.
From *Fliegende Blätter.*

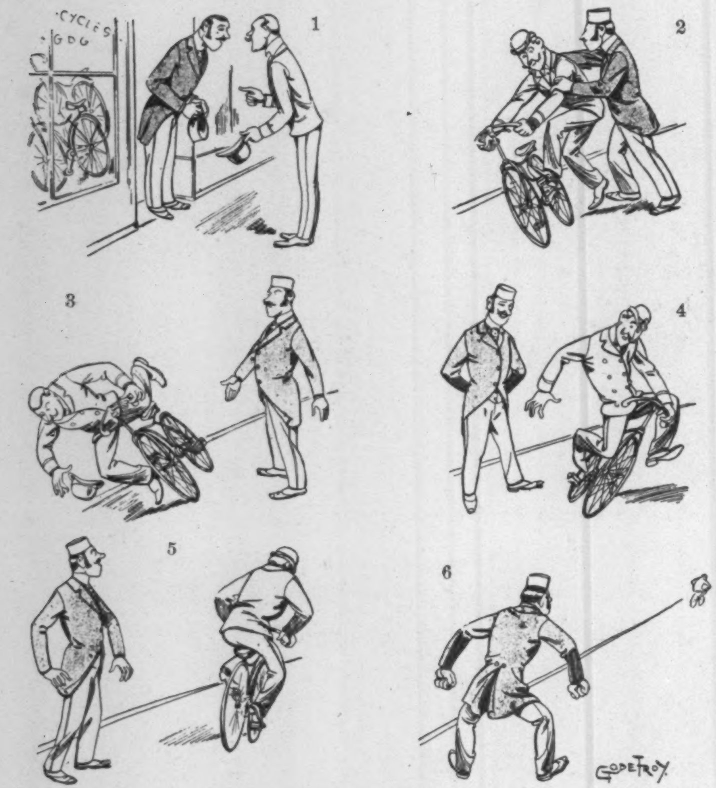


"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose
When I asked you this Bill to go through it,
Your finger you'd place by the side of your nose—
I didn't expect you to do it!"
("Father William," same old version.)
From *Judy.*

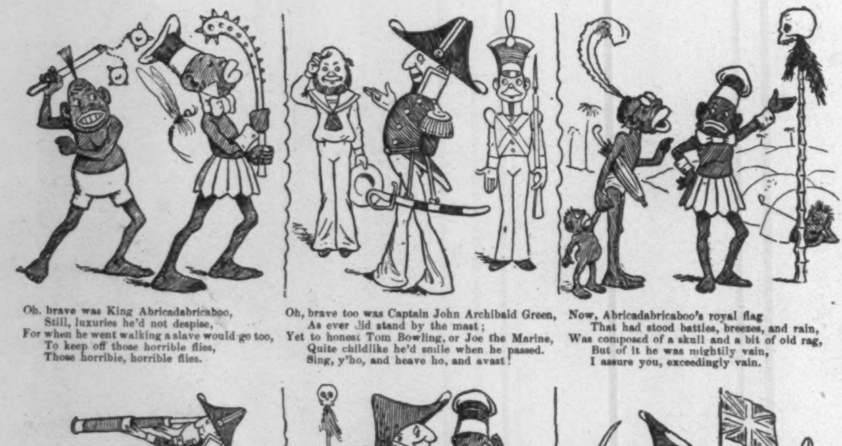


THE PERI AT THE ACADEMY GATES.—From *Punch.*

On July 4th, Lieut. Peary, whose great sledge journey in Greenland commenced on May 15th, came on a glacier, which he named the Academy Glacier.—*Times.*



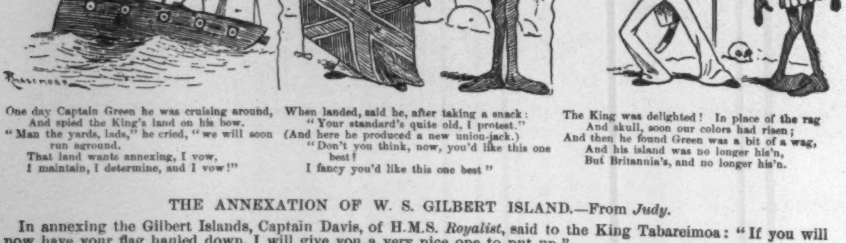
From *Revue Illustrée.*



Oh, brave was King Abricadabricaboo,
Still, luxuries he'd not despise,
For when he went walking a slave would go too,
To keep off those horrible flies,
Those horrible, horrible flies.

Oh, brave too was Captain John Archibald Green,
As ever did stand by the mast;
Yet to honest Tom Bowling, or Joe the Marine,
Quite childlike he'd smile when he passed.
Sing, y'ho, and heave ho, and avast!

Now, Abricadabricaboo's royal flag
That had stood battles, breezes, and rain,
Was composed of a skull and a bit of old rag,
But of it he was mightily vain,
I assure you, exceedingly vain.



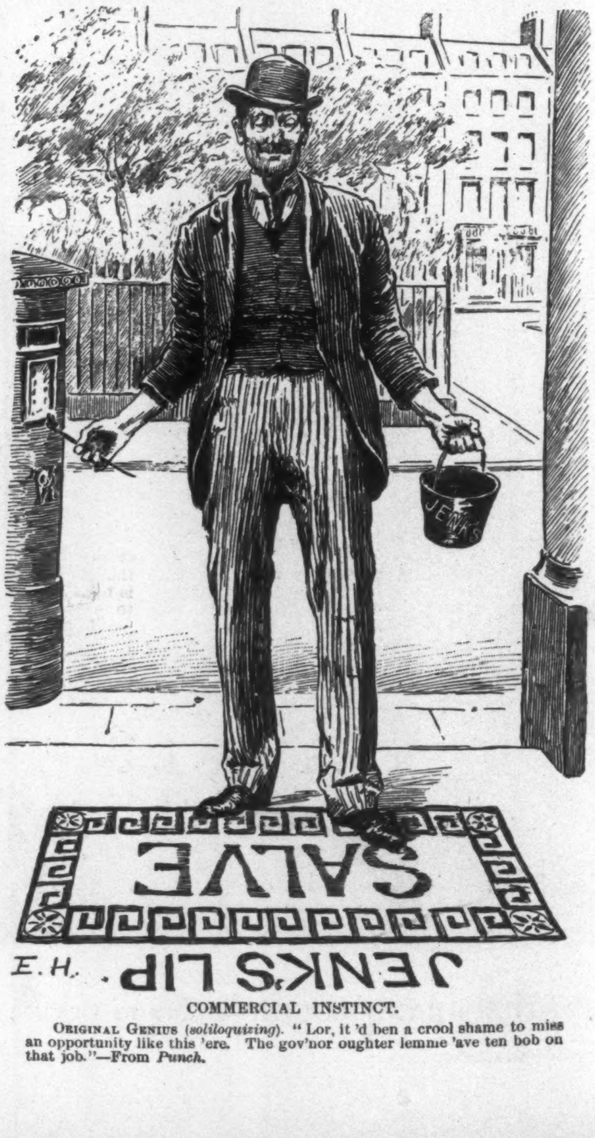
One day Captain Green he was cruising around,
And spied the King's land on his bow.
"Man the yards, lads," he cried, "we will soon run aground.
That land wants annexing, I vow,
I maintain, I determine, and I vow!"

When landed, said he, after taking a snack:
"Your standard's quite old, I protest."
(And here he produced a new union-jack.)
"Don't you think, now, you'd like this one best!
I fancy you'd like this one best"

The King was delighted! In place of the rag
And skull, soon our colors had risen;
And then he found Green was a bit of a wag,
And his island was no longer his'n,
But Britannia's, and no longer his'n.

THE ANNEXATION OF W. S. GILBERT ISLAND.—From *Judy.*

In annexing the Gilbert Islands, Captain Davis, of H.M.S. *Royalist*, said to the King Tabareimoa: "If you will now have your flag hauled down, I will give you a very nice one to put up."



COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.

ORIGINAL GENIUS (*soliloquizing*). "Lor, it 'd ben a crool shame to miss an opportunity like this 'ere. The gov'nor oughter lemme 'ave ten bob on that job."—From *Punch.*

AMATEVR · SPORT

In a matter touching the interest of yachtsmen so closely as does the question of an international race, it would have been as well had the New York Yacht Club put before its members in open meeting its proposed reply to Lord Dunraven's challenge. As all this entanglement over the new Deed of Gift and the cessation of international racing since '87 came about through ignoring the members at large, it would have been particularly fitting this time to discuss matters in open meeting, and let the majority decide what answer should be sent the English challenger. That a question of such vital importance to all American yachtsmen should be left to any committee Commodore Gerry might appoint is certainly open to criticism. Not that there is any question of the ability of the yachtsmen composing his committee—General C. J. Paine, James D. Smith, L. A. Fish, Archibald Rogers, and A. C. Canfield—but no five men in America should decide on what appeals to every sportsman in the United States, and has provoked such wide discussion. The *America's* Cup is not a club prize, not merely a cup given by the New York Yacht Club; it long ago became a national trophy, held in trust by the New York Yacht Club, and as such it should be regarded. No committee should be permitted to decide on what the members of the N. Y. Y. C., which includes the yacht-owners of the Larchmont and Seawanhaka Corinthian clubs, ought to settle by vote. We shall not know what reply this committee has made Lord Dunraven until it has reached him, but we can make a pretty close guess.

Should we have no race for the *America's* Cup, sportsmen throughout the land will know that the New York Yacht Club has again prevented an international contest, and will consider the offering of a trophy which may indeed be a national one, in fact as well as in name. It is incredible that a club like the N.Y.Y.C., whose members include the ablest and most advanced yachtsmen in the country, should permit a handful of their number, cherishing the relics of ancient prejudices, to so misrepresent the club's and this country's sentiment. No sportsman can find fault with Dunraven's challenge, save possibly in limiting the size of yacht. That ought to be left open, and time allowance will equalize matters.

This department has many times placed itself on record on this Deed of Gift problem, viz., that the new edition is neither sportsmanlike nor fair. All the resolutions the New York Yacht Club might pass would not change the fact that this new Deed of Gift was railroaded through by a clique in the club who thought to play it very smart on the Englishmen.

The N.Y.Y. C.'s present edition of the Deed does not by any means represent the ideas of the five original donors, and every sportsman in America knows it. What right one of those donors, at the suggestion of the N.Y.Y. C., had to change the spirit of the original Deed has never yet been explained.

Cumnock's coaching is beginning to have its effect on the Harvard rush line, though as yet in only a slight degree. He is trying to put life and dash into the team, and the men themselves are beginning to realize their fatal failing. It is this fact more than any other that lends hope to Harvard men. In the first half of the Williams game the play was snappy, and showed what the team could do when it woke up, but it all died away in the second half. The men do not yet seem to realize that they must play hard and with dash all the time, and not be satisfied with occasional spurts. The line, as a whole, is not offensive enough, and the backs are never sure of finding a hole where it is signalled. Lewis has been moved to left tackle, and Acton put in at centre in his place. Barring accident, this change is likely to prove permanent, and it is an improvement on the old arrangement. Lewis played a good game at centre, but was too light; at tackle his activity and knowledge of the game are used to better advantage. Although new in the position, he has outplayed Mason, who was opposite him on the second eleven, and with Cumnock's coaching he should make a good ground-gainer. Acton gave too much promise to sit on the side lines at Springfield, and Cranston should be able to bring him into fairly good shape. With so strong a man at snap back, Waters and Mackie at guard can give all their attention to covering their own positions.

The coachers have shown good judgment in making this change, for it utilizes every pound of material at hand to the best advantage.

Mackie faced Heffelfinger last year, and his game was better than it appeared to be; certainly he will have the advantage in experience of any guard Yale will have this year, besides all this season's work. Waters we know as a very lively and hard-working player; with Acton in the shape he ought to be equal to reaching, and adding to these Lewis and Newell as tacklers, with Upton and Mason substituting, and Hallowell and Emmons on the ends, Harvard's line must become a very strong one.

Very little attention has been given the men back of the line this season, and their work shows it. They fumble the ball badly, and dropping it when tackled is of entirely too frequent occurrence. Moreover, they are apt to give away the play by looking directly at the place where the hole is signalled or by starting too soon. Much of this is due, no doubt, to the fact that the men playing a great deal of the time are not the regular halves. Lake's shaking up was much more serious than supposed, and he is not likely to be out for some little time. Brewer's shoulder and Grey's ankle still keep them off the field. J. P. Lee has been filling the places of these men, though he says he will not play at Springfield. If so, it seems a waste of good work for him to be playing on the 'varsity; if he would go behind the second eleven line he could be of much service in giving Hallowell and Emmons great practice in stopping quick dashes around the end.

The tackling of the men, as a general thing, is very poor. This was another fatal weakness last year. Newell is the only man who seems to know that the only way to stop a man in his tracks is to pull his knees out from under him. The other men grab wildly at the runner's shoulders, and if they succeed in getting him, are usually pushed and dragged along five or ten yards. The men need tireless drilling in low and hard tackling. Emmons on end has braced up considerably; he is generally on his toes now, but he can vastly improve his tackling. The men still fail to get into swing together, and the coaches must turn their attention to better team-play very soon. Now that the line has become more or less settled, there is no time to be lost. There are less than four weeks before the Yale game.

Princeton has made little if any advance the past week, owing to so many of her men being bruised, and in no condition to do themselves justice. Several are laid off.

Two faults of the team stand out with entirely too much prominence so late in the season — the very dangerous slowness of the backs in starting with the ball, and the poor blocking of the line; the forwards make good holes and break through well, but they permit light teams to get through that should be able to make scarcely an impression. Both Lehigh and the New York Athletic Club teams got through a number of times, and once or twice came very near stopping a kick. Against the Crescent's they played with more snap, but the same failings were visible.

The ball is going back so slowly that the blocking of the line is all the more important. Unless this weakness and the slow starting of the backs is corrected, Yale, with a quarter like McCormick, will down Johnny Poe before the ball is out of his hands.

Princeton has a couple of good plays around the end, but unless the interferers attend more strictly to business, no gain will ever be made on Thanksgiving day. Just now the play is too often and too easily broken up, because the interferers seem to think their business is merely sprinting around the end instead of blocking off the opponent's tacklers; moreover, they frequently get into one another's way.

Princeton must do some lively getting into shape in the next ten days, for her play is too loose now to warrant her *alumni* in hoping against Yale. Poe seems to be improving slowly in passing, but the ball still lingers entirely too long in his hands. He ought to get a great deal of coaching, for his tackling and interference make him a valuable man behind the snap back. Barnett hits the line hard and low, and keeps going; but he is so frightfully slow in getting under way that the hole is closed half the time when he reaches it. If he cannot improve in this respect, he is practically useless to the team, for the forwards cannot keep the hole open to suit his cȏvenience. Flint will be tried at back again; he starts quicker than Barnett, but he is also slow, and has not the "smash" in him when he hits the line, and is downed too easily. However, Flint has the build for a driving back, and ought to be made a good man. Homans has the same failing of starting slow.

Balliet is improving every day, and he is making himself very valuable by getting out into the interference and helping the runner. Wheeler has the stuff in him for a great guard if he keeps up to his work all the time. It looks, too, as if he would be a ground-gainer. Hall has been laid off, but he shows improvement. He seems unable to use his great strength to the best advantage yet. Lea has played at tackle only a few times, but it is easy to see he has a lot of football in him. He is in every play, and useful, and altogether the best man Princeton has shown in that position. Holly is still sick, and there is a small possibility of Harold coming out again. Vincent has played but one game, and then his ankle did not permit of his doing much. Trenchard is putting up a good game at end, though he lets the opposing end get past him entirely too often. McCauley is also coming on well.

Yale, as might be supposed, is ahead of either Harvard or Princeton on interference. In plays around the end the runner is better guarded, and the interference not so easily broken up. In line-blocking Yale is not so good as Harvard, and better than Princeton, but in breaking through both the latter eleven excel. The substitution of Butterworth for Graves at full back was a wise one, and will be permanent. On a small team Graves was nerved up to sharp work all the time, because of necessity the major portion fell on his shoulders. At New Haven, behind the Bliss boys, he felt that he was no longer the star, and settled down to less effort. No sooner was he brought up to half than he recovered some of his former fire and dash, and his showing since that time has been excellent. He goes into the line better, and reaches his end faster than from his old position. Butterworth has it in him to become a good punter. In both the Williams and Manhattan games he failed to get anything like his full power into the swing, kicking rather straight-legged, but even with that poor form the ball travelled reasonably well, while in the Amherst and Orange games he covered nine of the cross-lines easily. He is better than was Graves on the straight plunge into the line; seldom taking it low enough, he paddles hard with his feet when once in it, and often comes clear on the other side. His track training has helped him, and he ought to have plenty of endurance.

It is difficult to see what keeps Stillman at centre, and it will be surprising if he continues to hold that position. He may make a first-class snap back when he is older, but for this season he is not Yale's best man there. He is broader of beam than stable of leg, and any average well-built centre has little trouble in throwing him off his balance. Although Sanford is not an ideal centre, he is strong in the legs, and has had a season's experience. He is the fastest man of his weight now on the football field, and the game of to-day has fully demonstrated how much aid can be given by an active snap back who gets into many of the plays. S. B. Ives, with whose boating career every one is familiar, has become a candidate for guard, and he ought to make a good one. He carries 178 pounds of hard muscle of the finest quality, and he has the brains to make use of it. He lacks experience, though he has played at end rush. He is picking up rapidly, and before another week I expect to see him a fixture. Hickok, McCrea, and O'Neil will make a hard fight for the other guard. O'Neil cannot as yet be criticised as a player, because he has had poor ball experience—only upon such teams as do not play under any system — but as a physical specimen he is nearly equal to Heffelfinger. He is taking kindly to the game, and there seems more than a possibility of his learning it. The other two men both appear to know what they are aiming at, and show steady improvement. Hickok is the stronger, but McCrea has more fire and dash. Then, too, Hickok labors under the disadvantage of a bad knee, which at present handicaps him. Of the three I fancy O'Neil on account of the promise of development.

Sanford, Ives, and O'Neil seem to be Yale's best centre. The work of Ives in the Amherst game was strong in smashing wedges, and still more particularly in tackling in the open. He will make an agile guard, and a cool one. He broke through well, and reached the man quickly. Moreover, he never gave him up, but followed like a veteran. O'Neil also showed up as remarkably fast for so big a man. He managed to get into the interference repeatedly, and proved an awkward obstacle for would-be tacklers to go by. Sanford played a poor guard, which leads me all the more to think he will go to the centre. With L. Bliss making up the triangle behind McCormick, the combination will be stronger in one respect than any Yale team has had there for years, in that every one of the three, Graves, Bliss, and Butterworth, are first-class punters, and can return the kick, if advisable, rather than running it in. Neither McClung nor McCormick could punt last year, and Bliss had to do it all. Butterworth will never go under and through a line as McCormick did last year, but he can discount his punting. McCormick at quarter is tackling better than Barbour, and interfering to far greater advantage, but he does not pass as well, particularly he does not get the ball from the centre as well, as his predecessor. Winter still improves, and is gaining much faster than Wallis, who plays just about as he did last season. Cochran showed himself a rather careless end in the Manhattan game. He has not come out as brightly as he promised, and it is quite possible that while he is laid up with his hand, Greenway and Armstrong will pass him in the race for end. Armstrong is quick, strong, and a good tackler against interference. The fumbling and confusion of signals by Yale against Orange was entirely too frequent. The scoring was fast because the end interference worked well against a team so much inferior.

The West Point and Annapolis cadets have each begun the football season in a most brilliant manner. That these lads manage to put up so strong a game on the meagre coaching they have had, and the very limited time for practice they get, is of the greatest credit to them. One must spend a few days among them, studying their daily routine, as I did, in order to fully appreciate just how much credit they really deserve. When men get up at 5.30, and after being kept actually on the run all day long with recitations, study, drills, gymnastic work, etc., give up their only thirty minutes of recreation to football, they deserve every encouragement. It is too bad they do not get more from headquarters, and it is likewise extraordinary that the naval and military department heads do not appreciate the great moral and physical training of the game. West Point, on the 8th, gave Wesleyan's strong team, that had held Yale to 6 points, a great surprise by playing them a 6–6 game, and on the 12th the naval cadets kept the University of Pennsylvania down to 18 points, and Princeton to 28 points on the 15th.

West Point's centre, Ames, is a tip-top man; he gave North more than enough to do. Clark, the captain, at right guard is a very able man. Timberlake is a brilliant ground-gainer at half, and a promising player; and Stacy at right end did some beautiful tackling. Of the naval cadets Bagley, full back, seems the most valuable to his team behind the line; his punting is very good, while his tackling is hard and sure. Trench at guard is a good man, and so are Olmstead, Holsinger, and McCormack. The Middies show improvement in the game, and have the material from which a strong eleven will be turned out; they are better off in the line, which is a stiff one, than behind it, where West Point is stronger than they.

Nothing definite can be learned concerning the proposed match between West Point and Annapolis for November 26th. Whether there will be one is not now actually known. It rests entirely with General Schofield, as the navy people have already expressed a desire for the game. It is to be hoped General Schofield will not ignore the wishes of army people the country over. The match should be made an annual fixture.

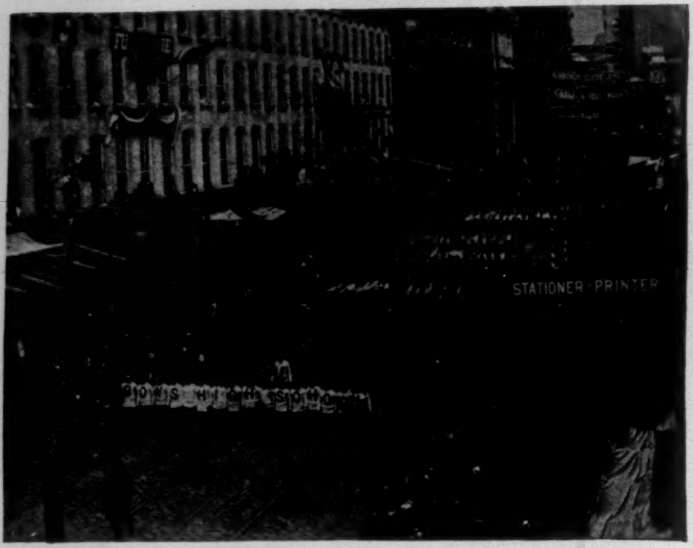
Wesleyan seems not yet to have ceased celebrating Yale's narrow squeak in their game on the 5th, for the work of the team since has not been satisfactory. No improvement has been made, therefore, in the execution of plays, which are still done slowly. The men have much to learn of team-work in defensive play, and their chances of acquiring it are good, if they will give their coach attention. Smith and Newton are the best men in the line; they are active and aggressive. Cutts is still slow, but coming into shape gradually. Howard has a bad knee. Gordon is doing finely, both in running and kicking, and Page is also doing good work at left half, but Kurt has fallen off very much in his play, and Anderson will be given a trial for the place. The Tuffts game may be summed up in a few words. Wesleyan played three substitutes who were very weak, and Tuffts made steady gains through them, never losing the ball until it was carried over the line for a touch-down. On Saturday a team of invalids faced Dartmouth, and was defeated.

Lehigh, after the first Princeton game, dropped into a *dolce far niente* condition, from which the most vigorous efforts of their coach seemed unable to arouse them. Lehigh made an excellent showing against Princeton, but, in common with all who for the first time feel their strength, believed they should have done even better. This, together with "that tired feeling" incidental to a hard game, left them more or less demoralized, and their showing in the second Princeton game was not so good as it should have been. The centre men are very weak on the defensive, permitting holes to be made through them at will. On the offensive they have braced, and can, when they try, open up their opponents, while they present a fairly solid wall for the backs to work behind. Some improvement has been made in the interference of the backs on plays around the end, and occasionally they get a runner around in fine shape; but they are not so helpful on line-work. Richey at tackle has not shown the advance promised, nor does he put up the game he is able to. Marr, on the end, has not developed so good as he promised. In the last Princeton game he spent most of his time looking for four-leaf clovers—at least, he might have done so for all the opposition he proved to the work of his *vis-à-vis*.

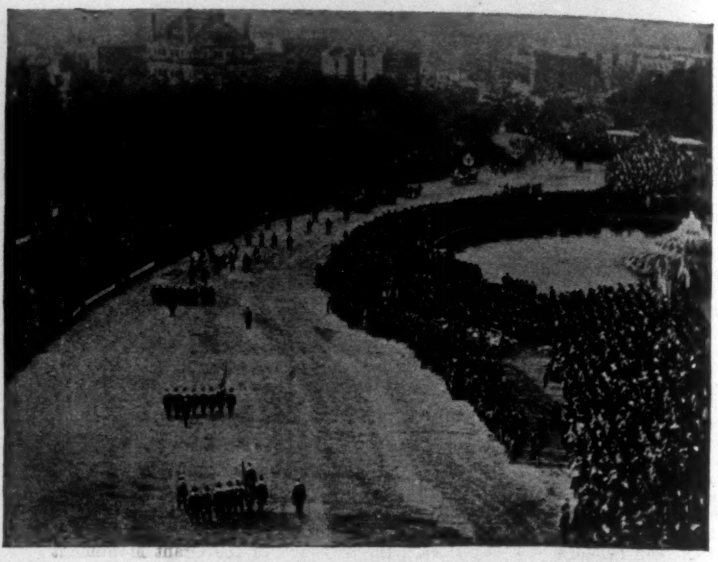
The New York Athletic Club's games closed the season brilliantly with four world's records—M. Sweeny, X. A. A., 6 feet $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches running high jump supplanting W. Byrd Page's 6 feet 4 inches; Schwaner, N. Y. A. C., 10 feet $9\frac{7}{8}$ inches standing broad jump beating M. W. Ford's 10 feet $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches; J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., 16-pound hammer, 145 feet three-quarter inch, beating his own record of 141 feet 9 inches, and 56-pound weight 35 feet $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches, besting his record by half an inch. E. W. Goff, M. A. C., did some great jumping in clearing 23 feet 6 inches, which is within a half-inch of Reber's world record. I regret there is no space to comment on these grand performances.

Caspar W. Whitney.

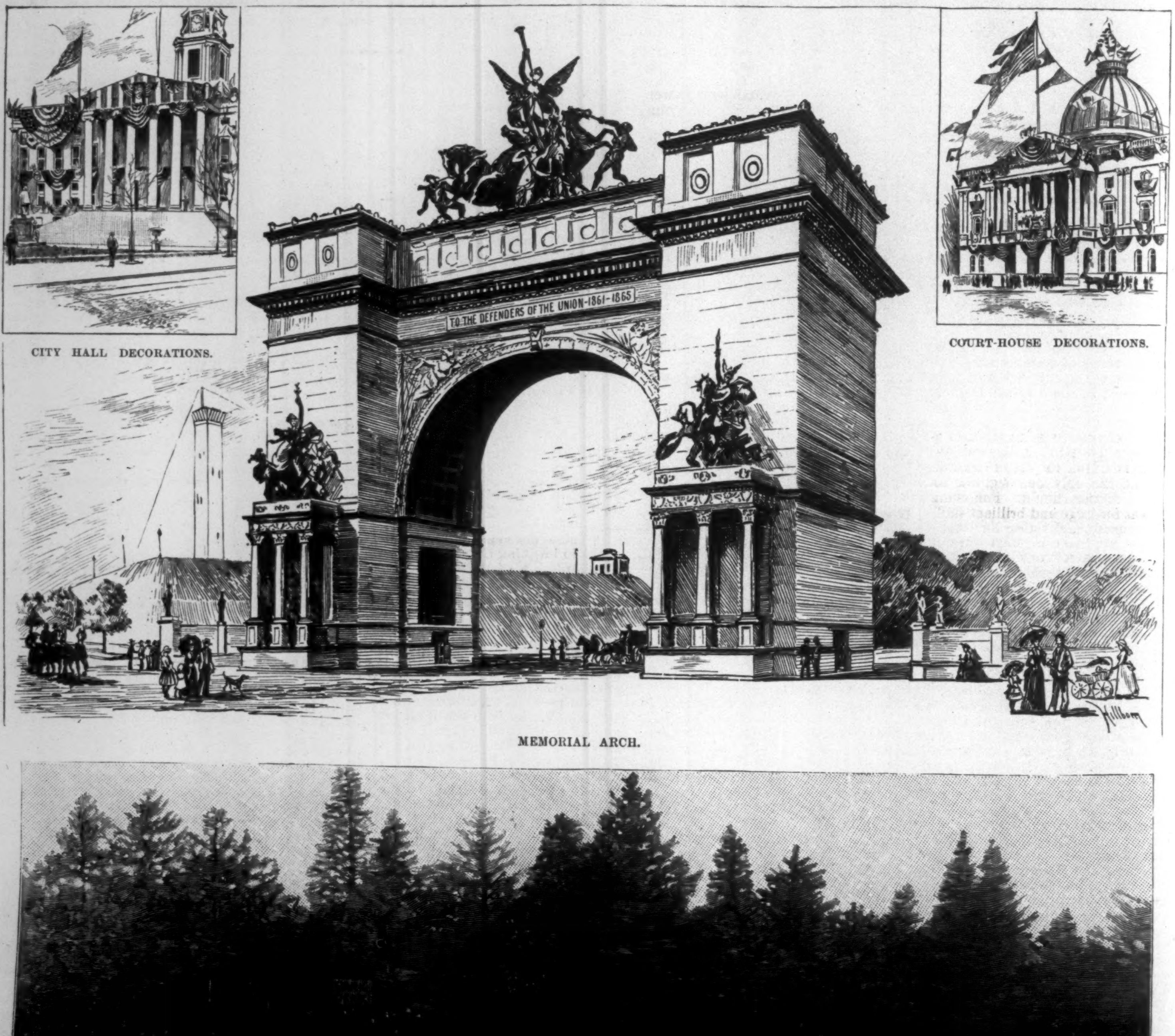
"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—(With Chapter on Team-Play.)—By Walter Camp.—Illustrated.—Price, $1 25.—Harper & Brothers.


STATIONER PRINTER

HIGH-SCHOOL BOYS MARCHING UP COURT STREET.
FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY J. B. MORISON.



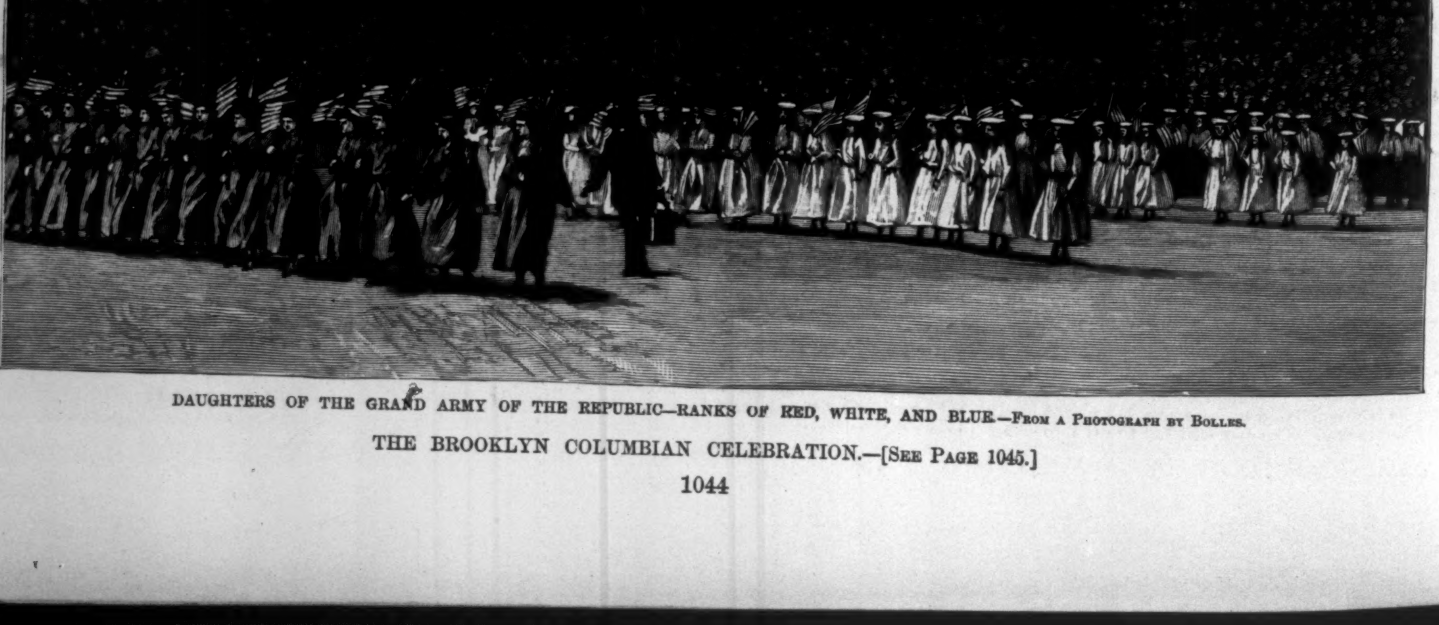
GRAND ARMY PROCESSION, FROM TOP OF MEMORIAL ARCH.
FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY C. M. TROWBRIDGE.


TO THE DEFENDERS OF THE UNION 1861-1865

CITY HALL DECORATIONS.

COURT-HOUSE DECORATIONS.

MEMORIAL ARCH.



DAUGHTERS OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC—RANKS OF RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOLLES.

THE BROOKLYN COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION.—[SEE PAGE 1045.]

COLUMBIAN CELEBRATIONS IN BROOKLYN AND OTHER CITIES.

It was originally the intention of the people of Brooklyn to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus upon the 12th of October, the day the celebration had been arranged for in New York. This intention was wisely abandoned, and the 21st of October chosen instead. By this arrangement the people living in the metropolitan district have within two weeks had opportunities of seeing two of the largest and most imposing parades of this Columbian era. How many thousands of Brooklyn people crossed the bridge and the river to see and participate in the parade in New York it would be hard to say, but there were probably not more of them than there were of New-Yorkers who went to Brooklyn on her great day. Accurate estimates of such crowds are impossible, but it is well within the mark to say that quite two hundred thousand of New York's people assisted in crowding the streets and stands while the marching regiments, societies, and schools marshalled by General Catlin passed through Brooklyn and beneath the stately marble arch at the entrance of Prospect Park. Brooklyn has often been called a city of homes, and as such it is unquestionably pre-eminent, as residences there outnumber business places in a larger proportion than in any other American city except Washington.

Major-General Catlin, a retired officer of the army, was the Grand Marshal, and with his aides was at the starting-point at Clinton Street and Second Place at half past nine in the morning. From then till the march began he was busy seeing that his plans had been carried out, and the various commands were where they should be, so that each could fall into line when the proper time arrived. Though all was in order, the command to march was not given until eleven o'clock. The route passed over was this: From Henry Street the line moved through Remsen to Court, thence through Schermerhorn, Lafayette Avenue, South Oxford Street, Hanson Place, Fourth Avenue, Union Street, Eighth Avenue, and back to the Memorial Arch by way of Flatbush Avenue. From the start to the finish of this line the houses were gayly decorated with flags and bunting, and the sidewalks, street entrances, porches, and windows of houses crowded with people.

A gentleman wearing a scarf of Spanish colors, and mounted on a spirited and stylish horse, led the way to mark out the route. This was a mere formality, for the route was clearly defined by the walls of spectators on either side of the roadway. Behind the guide came a company of mounted police, and behind these the veteran police on foot. Then rode General Catlin, the Grand Marshal, who, though he has only one leg, sat his gray horse as a soldier should. Following the Marshal was his large and brilliant staff, all capitally mounted, and riding like veterans. This was but the head of the parade; the parade itself was to come. The first division of this consisted of the naval and military forces, and, as was appropriate, the regulars led the way. Colonel Loomis L. Langdon was in command of the battalions of artillery from the regular army. The first battery, acting as infantry, marched in companies of twelve files front, while Light Battery H had out its rifled guns. The army was followed by the United States Naval Brigade, under Commander Horace Elmer. The brigade of United States Marines followed the sailors. All of these soldiers, sailors, and marines were cheered along the whole line of march. They looked very sturdy and extremely businesslike. But apart from their appearance, these regulars are always popular in street parades.

Behind the regulars came the National Guard, under command of Brigadier-General James McLeer. This command consisted mainly of the Second Brigade of New York troops; but the Eighth Regiment, Colonel George D. Scott, had gone from New York, and was given the right of the line. This was the only regiment from New York city, and the people of Brooklyn showed their appreciation of the compliment by very generous applause as the Eighth passed in the parade. Behind the Eighth came the Signal Corps, Captain Fred T. Leigh; then the Thirteenth Regiment, Colonel David E. Austen; then the Fourteenth Regiment, Colonel H. W. Michell; then the Twenty-third Regiment (the "Ours" of Brooklyn); then the Forty-seventh Regiment, Colonel John G. Eddy; the Third Battery, Captain Henry S. Rasquin; and the Seventeenth Separate Company, Captain Frank N. Bell. This was the end of the military proper, which was followed by the War Veteran's Brigade of Kings County, the National Association of Naval Veterans of America, and the Grand Army of the Republic. The next division was the Department of Police and Excise, and then a division composed of 10,000 boys from the public schools. As was the case in the New York parade, the boys took most of the honors also in Brooklyn. Their cadenced steps were as regular as those of the soldiers, and their bright faces and the joy that they took in the parade more than made up for the lack of showy uniforms, gold lace, and burnished arms. Each boy carried in his hand a flag of the United States, and as each one in the sixteen regiments carried his flag as though it meant much to him personally, the sight was gratifying to the patriotic spectators. Then there were divisions of private and other schools, of civic organizations, of religious societies, of volunteer firemen, and of the regular Fire Department of Brooklyn.

The reviewing stand was near the arch at the entrance to Prospect Park. The Mayor of Brooklyn was the official reviewing officer, but he had invited ex-President Cleveland to perform that duty. Mr. Cleveland, with the Mayor, reached the reviewing stand at a little before one o'clock, half an hour before the head of the column arrived. For several hours he and the Mayor were kept busy returning the salutes of officers, and saluting the lowered flags of the military and other organizations that passed in review. While the Grand Army was passing, one of the veterans, a man of sixty-five, E. S. Earle, who had served through the whole war, faltered in his step, threw up his hands, stumbled, and fell dead from heart-disease. This was the one sad incident of the parade, though when the crowd heard that the old soldier was dead, several ladies in the stands near by fainted.

When the parade was finished, the Memorial Arch to the soldiers and sailors who fought between 1861 and 1865 was dedicated. This arch was designed by John H. Duncan, the architect of the Grant Monument now building on Riverside Drive. The speakers were Mayor Boody, Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, and Rev. Father McCarthy. It was dark before the ceremonies were concluded. A description of this arch was published in the Weekly when the plan was accepted, some two years ago. Except the bronze figures to be placed on top, it is now nearly finished. In the evening there was a splendid display of fireworks in the park near the arch, which was also brilliantly illuminated, as were also the City Hall, the Hall of Records, municipal and other public buildings.

In Newark and in Jersey City in New Jersey, and in Long Island City and Flushing on Long Island, there were also brilliant observances of the day. In the Long Island towns the children paraded the streets in military order, and were reviewed by the town officers. The celebrations in Jersey City partook of the same character, and the children of the schools were the chief paraders. In Newark there were three parades. In the morning the children of the Catholic parochial schools formed a parade—the boys on foot and the girls in wagons. In the afternoon the Italian, French, and Hungarian societies and other uniformed corps marched to the City Hall and unveiled a bronze medallion of Columbus inserted in the front wall of the City Hall.

The photographs which illustrate this celebration were taken by the Brooklyn Academy of Photography and C. S. Barkman.

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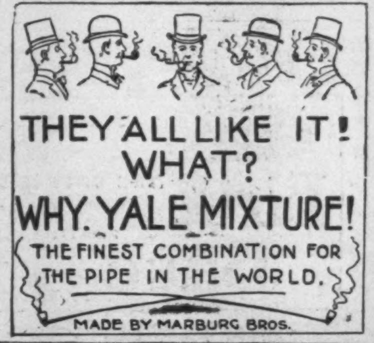
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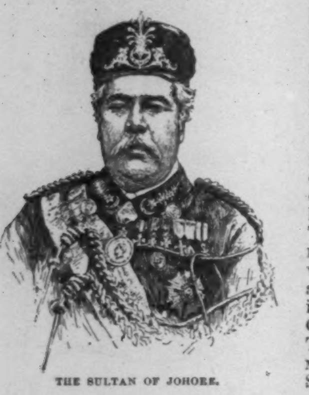
PERSONAL.

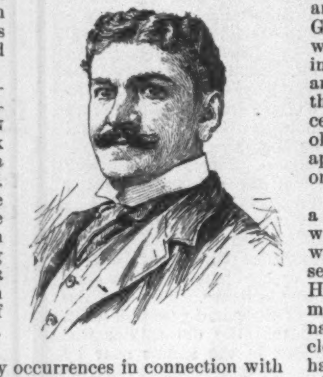
Algernon Charles Swinburne, who is one of the candidates for the laureateship left vacant by the death of **Tennyson**, resembles some of the preceding laureates, particularly **Wordsworth** and **Tennyson** himself, in feats of pedestrianism. He likes to take long walks, though he is probably not fond of forty-mile tramps, such as **Wordsworth** used to take with his sister. Mr. **Swinburne** is quite unlike **Tennyson** in physical appearance. He is as insignificant as the late laureate was imposing, and is as thin as **Wordsworth** was. His hair is red, and his whiskers are Parisian. He is said to have the lamented **Hannibal Hamlin**'s antipathy to overcoats, and goes about without one in the teeth of the southeast winds he likes so well to describe in verse.

—Consul **Rounsevelle Wildman**, of Singapore, who is coming over as commissioner to the World's Fair, is a journalist of considerable note. He was editor of the *Idaho Statesman*, and at one time on the staff of the Kansas City *Times*. Mr. **Wildman** has arranged a large exhibit for the fair. It will consist of three palm-leaf bungalows, each about thirty by fifteen feet, eight feet from the ground, enclosed in a square court. In the bungalows will be the exhibit. The court will be decorated with palms, and will contain monkeys, and native women wearing sarongs and making Oriental fancy articles. Through Consul **Wildman**'s solicitation the Sultan of Johore will visit the World's Fair. Mr. **Wildman** is at present visiting the Sultan at his palace in Johore. The Sultan is a progressive Oriental, and will light his palace with electricity upon his return from this country. Consul and Mrs. **Wildman** are expected in Washington in December. The Sultan will arrive in New York July next.



THE SULTAN OF JOHORE.

—The portrait of **Tennyson** given on the front page of **Harper's Weekly** of October 15th was processed from a superb etching just published by Mr. **Frederick Keppel**, of New York, made from life by the late **Paul Rajon**. Mr. **Rajon** was a French artist long domiciled in England, where his etched portraits of **John Stuart Mill**, **Darwin**, and **Tennyson** have ranked him as the greatest of portrait-etchers since **Rembrandt**. This portrait was taken while the great poet was still hale and vigorous. Its great fidelity as a likeness, combined with its high artistic qualities, has already given the etching in England, and perhaps here also, the rank of the best portrait of **Tennyson**. The head is half life-size, and the whole plate is of the same measurement as **Rajon**'s famous portrait of **Darwin**. Of the **Tennyson**, **Rajon**'s biographer, **Frederick G. Stephens**, wrote, "It is simply one of the finest specimens of modern draughtsmanship"; and **Hamerton**, writing of **Rajon**'s portraits, calls him "a great artist." The proofs of this etching are indeed works of art.



—Mr. **Arthur Bourchier**, Mr. **Daly**'s new leading man in the place of **John Drew**, made his New York début in *Little Miss Million* on the night of October 6th. His part was a difficult one to fill, chiefly because the audience had always seen Mr. **Drew** in the leading rôle. But Mr. **Bourchier** acquitted himself with credit, and proved himself a worthy addition to Mr. **Daly**'s company.

—Among the noteworthy occurrences in connection with the Columbian celebration, October 21st, was the tree-planting at St. George, Staten Island, an oak being planted in honor of **Columbus**, and an elm in memory of **George William Curtis**. The ceremonies were conducted under the auspices of the Staten Island Academy and Latin School, of which Mr. **Curtis** had long been a trustee and director. **William Winter** presided, and many prominent persons occupied places with him on the speaker's stand. The Rev. **Pascal Harrower**, of West New Brighton, delivered an address on the life and personal influence of Mr. **Curtis**, and the Hon. **Erastus Wiman** spoke of the special significance of the Columbian discovery. The musical part of the programme, consisting chiefly of patriotic selections, was rendered by the Staten Island Symphony Society.

—There was a curious Moslem religious ceremony at the opening of the Jaffa and Jerusalem railway for traffic. The Jerusalem terminus of the road was decorated with palms, and when the Mohammedan priest had offered prayer, three sheep with snow-white fleece and gilded horns were dragged upon the rails and slaughtered. They were left there until the blood had run from their veins and reddened the ties, and then the locomotive, freed by this sacrifice from the machinations of evil genii, went puffing out of the Holy City.

—**Augustus J. C. Hare** tells an interesting anecdote of **Disraeli**, who went to Liverpool, "a young man all curly and smart," with letters of introduction to Mr. **Duncan Stewart**. When he was shown the Exchange, crowded with busy merchants, he said: "My idea of greatness would be that a man should receive the applause of such an assemblage as this—that he should be cheered as he came into this room." At that time **Disraeli** remained in the building unnoticed, but when some years later Mr. **Stewart** again conducted him to the Exchange a cheer arose that deepened into a roar. The Prime Minister was greatly pleased by the demonstration, and recalled to his host the remark he had made years before.

—The ingenuity of the playwright in seeking novelties to interest the theatre-goer is quite abreast of the times. At Vienna a drama with the title *Among the Anthropophagi* is soon to be produced, of which the scenes are laid in Africa, and are of the heroes in the discoveries of **Livingstone**. A German schoolmaster at Parnenburg, in the Palatinate, has written a play in six acts on "the cholera," and is endeavoring to secure its production in the Austrian capital. It is among the Viennese, too, that realism has reached its apotheosis, there having been represented on the stage there recently a play called *Fallen Angels*, in which a good-natured old father goes mad, strangles his wife, and has a stroke of apoplexy, all in the dining-room where supper is steaming on the table.

—General **Benjamin F. Butler** is said to make $100,000 a year from his law practice, but age is coming upon him with rapid strides, forcing him to give up some of the hard work necessary to earn such an income. He is now nearly seventy-five, and visibly older than he was a few years ago. He is very much bent, and his eyesight is poor, but his mind is as keen as when young. For a man of his bluff nature he has always had a curious weakness for striking clothes. He used to like to wear fur overcoats and cowboy hats, the latter an adaptation of his army chapeau, but nowadays his tastes are quieter.

—**Oliver Wendell Holmes**, who recently became eighty-three years old, had the good fortune, the distinguished honor, as he himself terms it, of being born the same year with **Gladstone**, **Darwin**, **Tennyson**, and **Lincoln**. The genial doctor, philosopher, and poet was very "smart" and active when his last birthday was celebrated. His eye was bright and his mind clear, and his sense of humor as keen as when the "Autocrat" was young. The only literary work which he now has in hand is a volume of reminiscences, to which he devotes a brief part of the morning. The remainder of the day is given to the enjoyment of life and the preservation of his health. To the latter the aged poet pays close attention, eating simply and regularly, walking half an hour every day, and driving for two hours, and adding to his night's sleep a short nap during the day in his easy-chair.

—The late Earl of Eglinton remained famous through life from the fact that he was the son of that Earl of Eglinton who, in 1839, conceived and executed the idea of reproducing a mediæval tournament of knights. The spectacle was a success, in that it represented faithfully, even to details, the pageantry of early chivalry, and the only drawback was that the rain dampened the ardor of the participants. One curious discovery made on the occasion was that the ancient suits of armor worn by the doughty heroes of old were too small for the modern gentlemen who undertook to don them.

—Notwithstanding the German Emperor's well-known fondness for fine clothes, the statement that his wardrobe contains a thousand various and separate costumes seems almost incredible. His collection, however, embraces all the different court, military, civilian, and sporting suits which the Kaiser is required to wear on all sorts of occasions, and includes his "incognito" clothes and Freemason's regalia. They are, moreover, all in duplicate, to guard against accident or emergency. It is said that the Emperor has at some time worn every existing court costume except that of the French.

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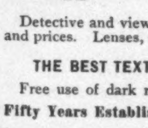

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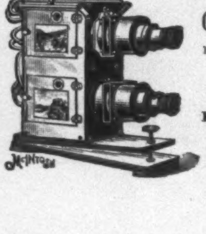

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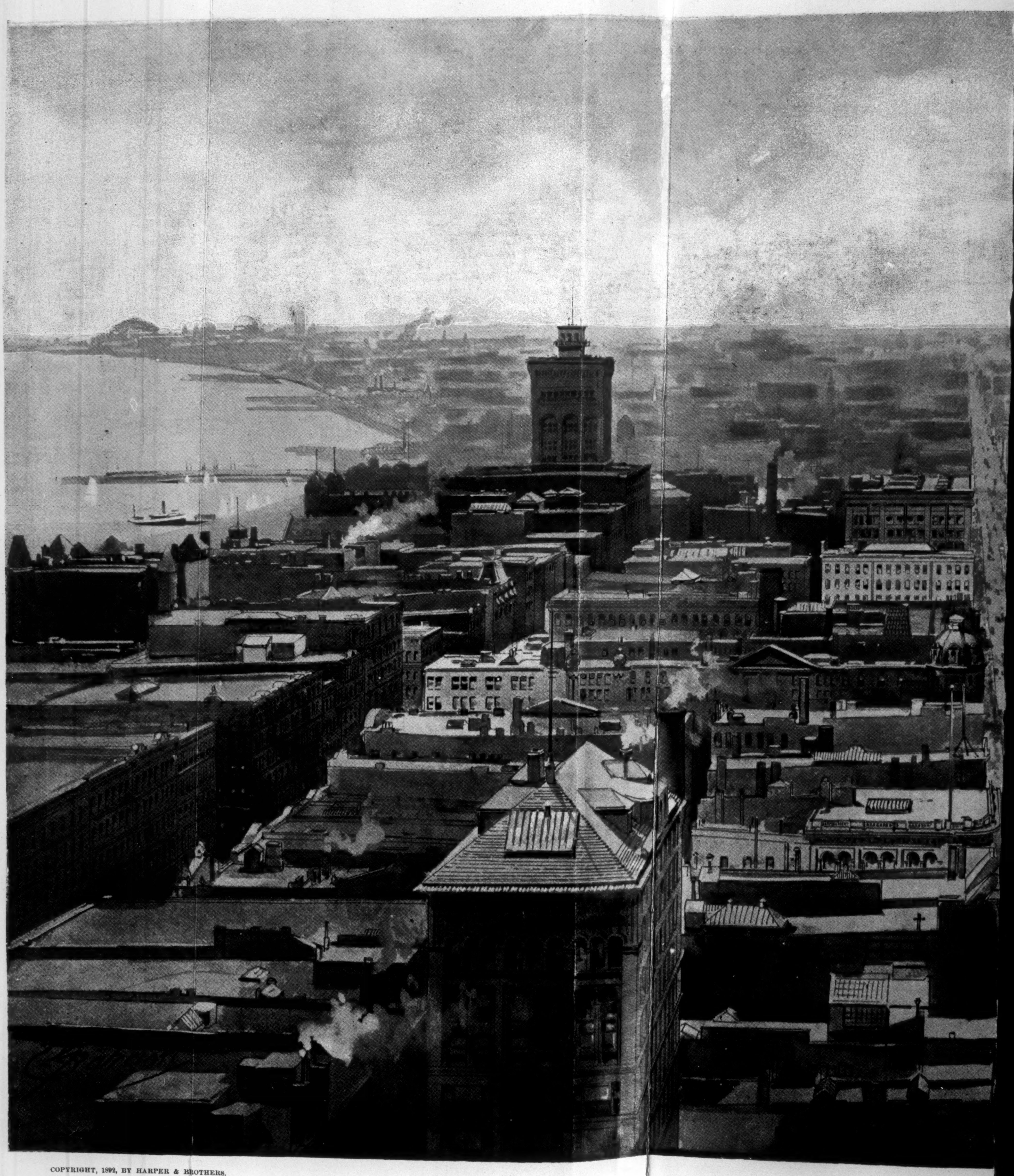

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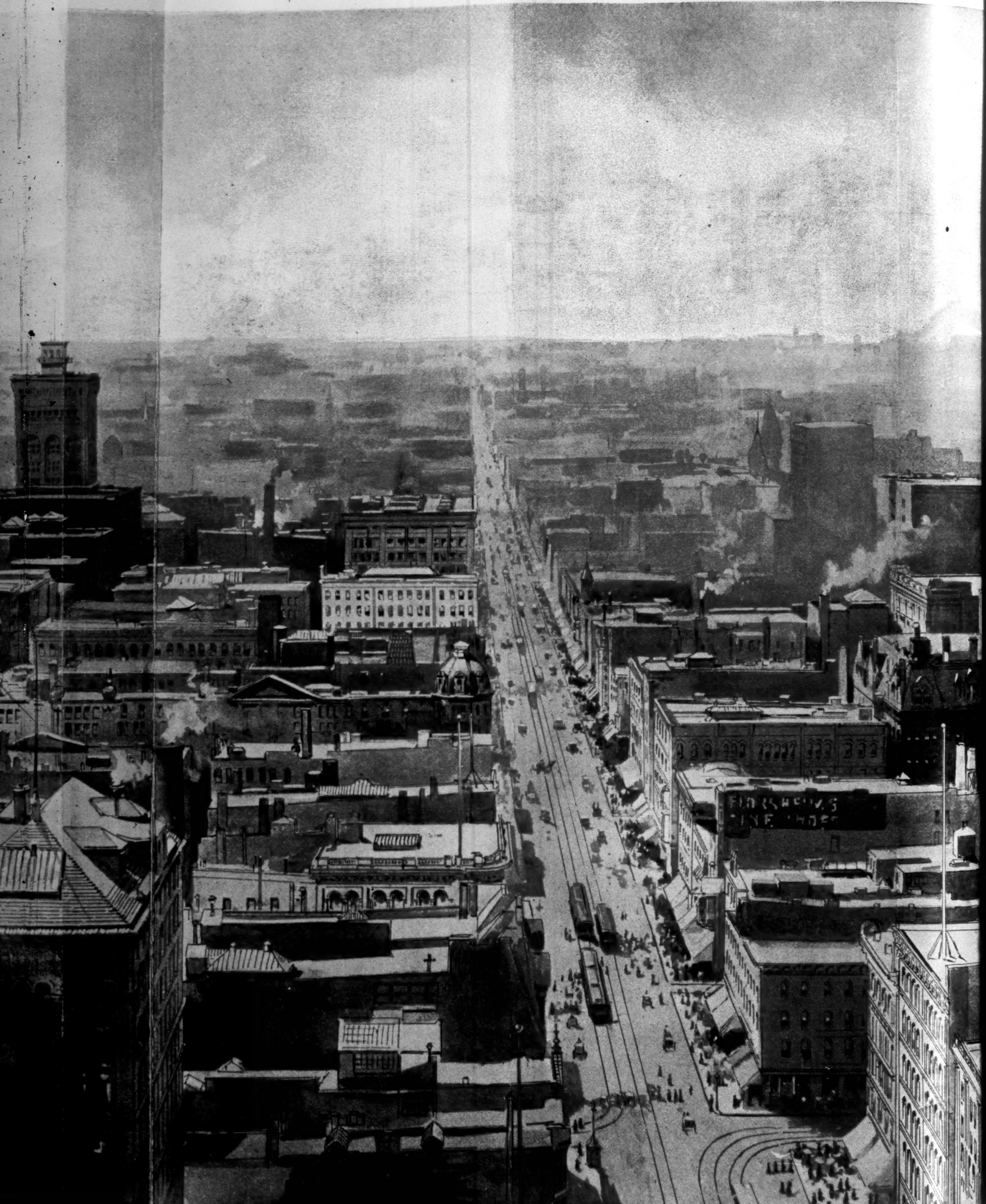
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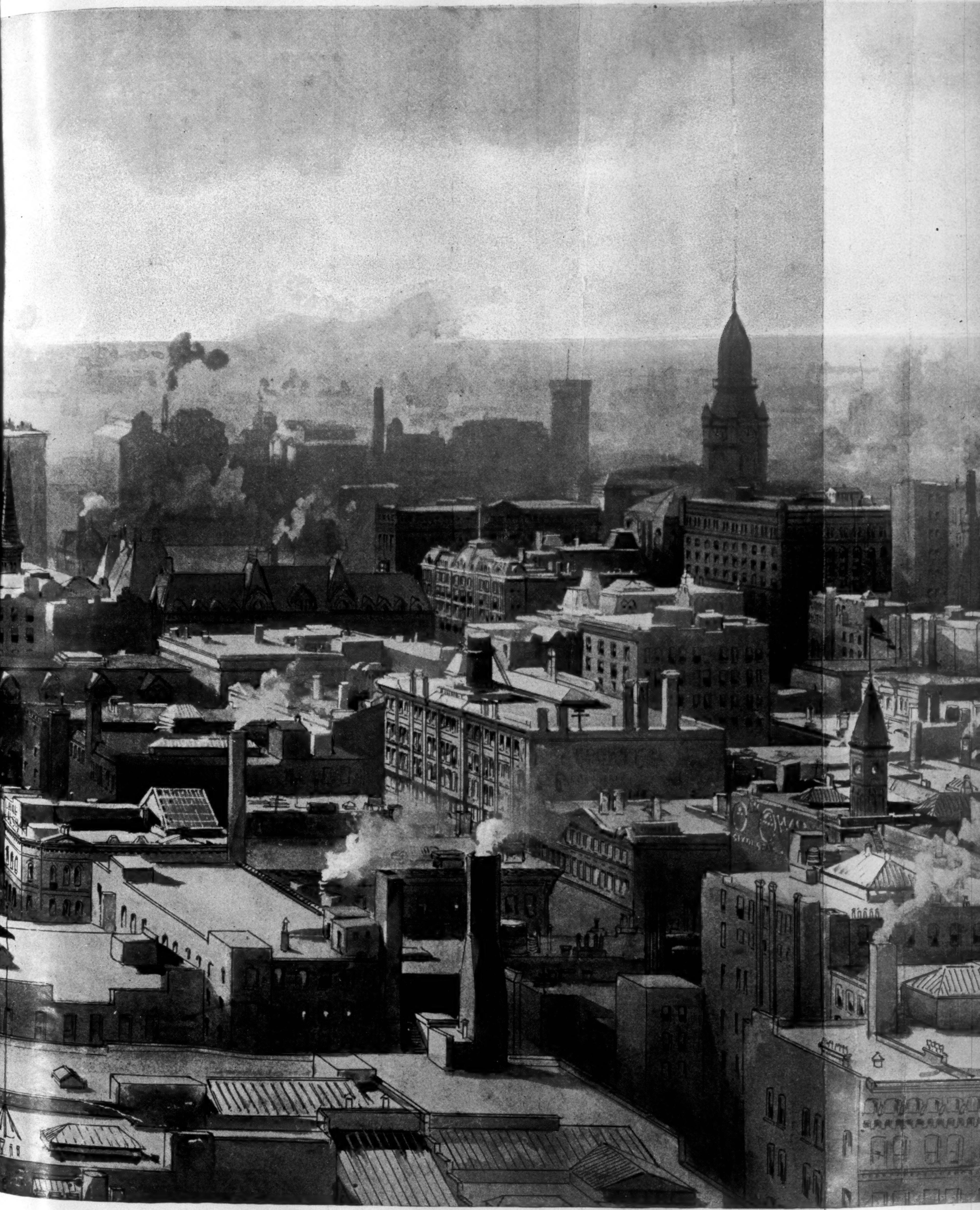

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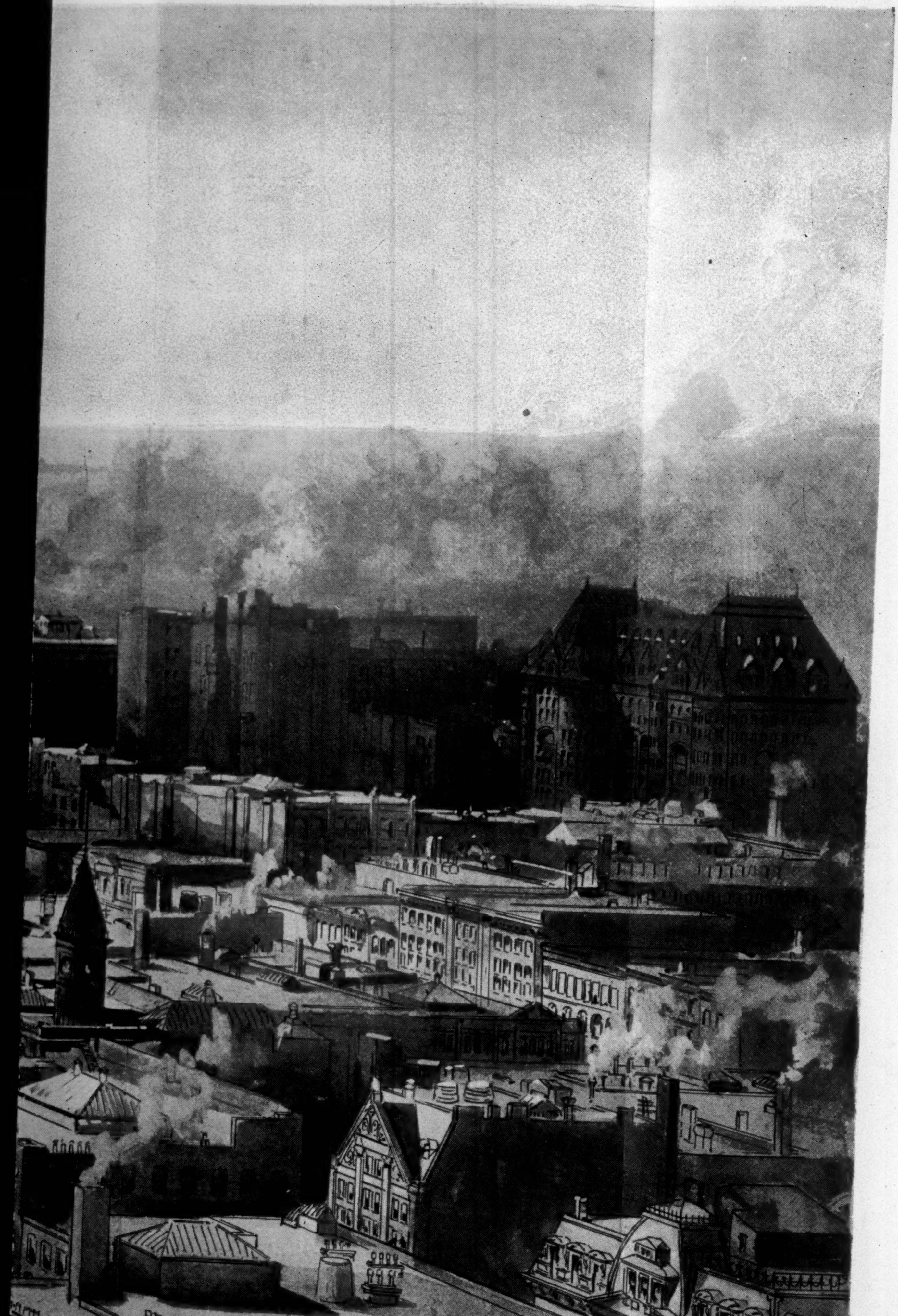
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